

The Fourth Dimension

The Literary Magazine of Selwyn House School

Volume XV

June, 1988



THE
FOURTH
DIMENSION

<49015>

Selwyn House School



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THE FOURTH DIMENSION

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VOLUME XV

1988

The title of our magazine refers to the dimension of space-time, the dimension Albert Einstein added to the other three dimensions of space to explain his concept of relativity. The phrase "the fourth dimension" suggests the power or imagination to transcend the limits of space and time. Among the pieces in this volume there has been a discernably consistent attempt to fire the reader's imagination by offering powerful fusions of the visual image with words.

This attempt may particularly be noticed in the poems: Grade 8 boys wrote ballads, Grade 9 boys wrote sonnets, Grade 10 boys wrote free verse, and Grade 11 boys wrote topographical meditations (thoughts arising from being in a significant "place" in time and space).

We are very happy this year for the first time to have received compositions in French, thanks to the interest of Mme. Johanne Werbiski, Head of the French Department. We look forward to an ever-increasing contribution from her department, and to further "greetings" of our "two solitudes."

Our thanks to all our contributors and to their teachers. They have submitted items without too much cajoling. If you are looking for a piece you cannot find, the reason you cannot find it is that it was not submitted: we've included everything that was submitted. Contributors may find, incidentally, that corrections have been made to their grammar and punctuation!


Thanks to Mrs. Pauline Tierney, who patiently and expertly typed this volume; to Mrs. Christine Krushelnyski, who duplicated it; and to Mr. Jamie McMillan, who produced the cover. Mrs. Tierney and Mrs. Krushelnyski yearly give their time and advice to the production of this magazine, always at the busiest time of the year. I much appreciate their interest and friendship.

Dr. Byron Harker,
Editor

<49D15> SELWYN HOUSE SCHOOL



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P R I Z E - W I N N I N G P O E M S

F R O M I L L U S T R A T E D

P O E T R Y C O M P E T I T I O N S

1 9 8 8

Grade 8 Illustrated Ballads

First Prize

William Smithies

Honourable Mention

Timothy Hoare

Grade 9 Illustrated Sonnets

First Prize

Stéphane Schelling

Second Prize

David James

Third Prize

Jon Stephan Trzcienski

Grade 10 Illustrated Free Verse

First Prize

Blake Ferger

Second Prize

Conor Sampson

Honourable Mention

Greg Speirs

Grade 11 Illustrated Topographical Meditations

Best Poem

Douglas Naudie

Honourable Mention

Farhan Memon

FIRST PRIZE. GRADE 8 ILLUSTRATED BALLADS

William Smithies,

I will tell you the story
of the Battle of Britain,
when the Luftwaffe Planes
by the hundreds were smitten.

Fighter pilots stand ready
as they wait for the bell.
Anxious eyes scan the skies
where vapour trails weave spells.

Running to their Spitfires,
Merlins roar into life,
they follow their leader
to rid London of strife.

Green fields slip below them
as they pull back the stick
and climb up through the clouds
to where bombers are thick.

The RT bursts into life
as the Heinkels appear;
the Brownings are chattering
and there's no time to fear.

Breaking right, banking left,
shells flying everywhere,
fighters chasing one another
tearing through the air.

A plane bursts into flames.
It hits the ground and burns,
and many pilots today
will never again return.

The German Luftwaffe fled;
Britons have won today,
and thinking of dead friends,
they have nothing to say.

HONOURABLE MENTION. GRADE 8 ILLUSTRATED BALLADS

Timothy Hoare

DREAMS

I work and play during the day.
But every night I go abroad
In my majestic, sleepy dreams
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
All alone beside the streams,
With none to tell me what to do--
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.

With a watchful eye I roam around
To find many frightening sights abroad.
The strangest things are there for me
Till morning in the land of Nod.

At night my thoughts are very bright:
I see many pleasant places more.
Many a time the places are new.
Places I have never seen before.

A pity I must then wake up.
Try as I like to find the way,
Those beautiful dreams have gone again.
And I never can get back by day.

FIRST PRIZE. GRADE 9 ILLUSTRATED SONNETS

ONE MAN

Stéphane Schelling

How cruel are we who walk the narrow noble world;
Giant strides engulfing weak in the way,
Never stooping or lending a hand unfurled,
Big stalking little, a falcon and its prey.

The snarls, the snickers, the bodies black and blue;
The death, the darkness, the smothering despair--
All consequences of actions not thought through,
In a child's heart, a never mending tear.

Time will only tell if men are yet to change,
Stop the bludgeoning of another being's soul.
Because of petty prejudice or features strange.
Meanwhile human nature falls down hatred's hole.

It only takes one man to stand up, and
Seeing a poor soul, reach out for his hand.

SECOND PRIZE. GRADE 9 ILLUSTRATED SONNETS

GARDENS OF STONE

David James

The twisted roots of some unholy tree
Burrow deep into this cracked stone tile.
They grasp and gnarl, aching to be free
Of the guilt they impart. The taste of bile

Rises in the throat when one recalls days past
Of bodies strewn rampant in chaotic haste.
Behind a precious few who disliked their caste,
The masses followed, an ecstasy of waste.

Rousseau and Voltaire never gave thought
To the consequence of violent upheaval;
A war of guns as a result of words is not
Any way to change the system, however evil.

Look about you now at the gore and bones
That lie safely interred in GARDENS OF STONE.

3rd PRIZE. GRADE 9 ILLUSTRATED SONNETS

I N S A N I T Y

J.S. Trzeciński, 9C

All that I see is tinted blood red
As the thoughts of a lunatic spin in my head;
People hesitate when approaching me;
Unsure, they back away, stumbling as they go.

On my left runs life, a blur that passes by;
Yet on my right lies death, and I wonder why
The world is so cruel to my fellow men,
For they know only how to move and survive.

Outside they are trained: red stop, green go.
And I ask myself: How are we to know
What to do, or say, to be accepted
In the fine society from which we are hidden?

And Lo! It's true: I can find sadness
In the murky realm that others call madness.

[illegible]

FIRST PRIZE. GRADE 10 ILLUSTRATED FREE VERSE

SPRING JUMPS

Blake Ferger

A blue, lapping at the shores of memory,
Savored anew each waking day,
Drops from the sky above
 into the sea below
And graces, with good grace,
The eyes in windows looking up,
Out,
That catch the scene.

Palms, white sails, red tiles upon houses
That seem to
 hop down the
 mountain through
Happy, sunlit side-streets.
The nearness of the roar
And self-conscious gurgle of the sea
Recall to our excited minds the pebbles of the beach,
 glistening to the touch, pebbles
That fall down and spring up
 with the cold and electric waves.
I sit sipping morning tea as
An impatient breeze falls from
High Hill to
Salt sea
And jumps back again,
Playing catch-and-toss with
 the lovely Mediterranean,
And the breeze seizes me, grabs me up!
So that I run in my mind's eye, chased and tired,
 fall into the smooth
 singing depths
And I laugh with joy at our week in Nice.

At home again, a grey scuffling shadow
Caught between
 jaundiced yellow lights and cabs and
Dirty, high, grey
 buildings
I stop from fright, resisting
 the flow
Of motion
Around, above, below me.
I am on a street with few people,
Some cars and exhaust keep the filthy pigeons
 company.
Beneath a weary tenement,
 something sharply defined stands;
It is one man.
Patent-leather shoes, two pin-striped legs,
Black briefcase and a London Fog,
A neat cravat, slim bright eyeglasses,
And last, a proper chapeau.

Before him, a pane with a pane,
A picture in an empty window, filled with but
One pear and one
 apple.
Behind the bright fruit, behind the white platter
And wood table,
Lies Mediterranean blue.
Stopped, I look sharply, and the sharp suited man
Lets out a dreamy smile in
 the hiss and howl of New york.

SECOND PRIZE. GRADE 10 ILLUSTRATED FREE VERSE

FREUD'S ANATOMY

Conor Sampson

Nice room you have here.
Square, six feet deep by six feet long
Reminds me of a box.
A box of Black Magic that you could
Devour in one sitting.
Nice couch you have here.
Black, shiny, made to lie in.
Reminds me of a hearse.
My mother gave me a ride in one once.
Nice look on your face.
Does it come with the profession?
I'm not really mad, I don't bite.
Stop taking those notes and come
Sit beside me on this couch.
I'll tell you a story.
It's about a bird. A majestic hawk.
The hawk flew up, up, up
Almost to heaven, on its wings of sterling silver.
Then it fell to the ground.
A pity, really.
Do I have any sensations?
Yes, sometimes.
I like the word parabola.
It rolls on my tongue
Like a sausage in an unmade bed.
My mother lay in an unmade bed.
It didn't need to be made.
She was dead.
She didn't hit the ground.
She just, sort of, faded out.

Analyze that Miss. Freud!
Analyze that Mr. Frye!

HONOURABLE MENTION. GRADE 10 ILLUSTRATED FREE VERSE

SHAWBRIDGE MARKET

Greg Speirs

Quebecers of young and old
Gather at the Shawbridge market
Also known as Le marche publique de Prévost
In accordance with the decree of la Regie de la langue française
Saturday, Sunday of July and August
No matter how cold a day, it always feels scorchingly hot
The sun grills you into heat stroke
All this useless paraphernalia becomes what you've always needed
Your pockets empty quickly
You can find anything and everything here
Porno cassettes, car stereos, and trendy clothes
Ancient farm machinery, jewellery, or fresh fruit

A maze of stalls, placed in an orderly fashion
Endless rows of fruit and vegetable stands
Pick ups, and vans transformed into selling booths
Are the stores and shops of this mall
Canvas drawn over trucks to shade the merchandise
Caged puppies, kittens, chicks and rabbits draw crowds
But it's the people that put on the show
With their indecipherable french
"Combien?"
"Cin' piaawss' a d-zaine"
"Quoi?"
"Cinq dollars par douzaine, monsieur"
The nearby browser helps out, slinging his car keys

As the day nears dusk
The car that brought you here, takes you away
With a bag full of nothing
That emptied your wallet clean
But did not measure up
To what you have seen

Best Poem: Grade 11 Illustrated Topographical Meditations

ANSWERS

Douglas Naudie, 11B

Amidst fiery fuchsia outstretched on the horizon
Apollo's golden arrows illuminate the evanescent blue sky
The ocean pecked by ravenous gulls spans endlessly towards
 the sand
once cluttered with movement and vitality is travelled no more
Splintered shells advance and retreat with
 the flooding tide
approaching the masses of withered ebony spiders
dampens the aureate landscape
Soon chill-moistened fingers claw and envelop my own feet
As they had my grieving heart ago.

Unlacking purpose and certainty Poseidon's tongue
absorbs traces of industrious days
swallows items unwanted unremembered and
vomits clues from a forgotten past
Yet all pilferage in his unmistakable wake
 though harmless injures still
And so bites incident and death
whose ivory fangs smile unmercifully
until a self-pitying "Why me?"

As life encounters death
as chance destines accident and
as trials transpire
 with each awakening light
we must never forget that
 behind the unexplained
 before the dismissed
 atop the inconceivable exists
 a purpose
as definite as the
 fading of ethereal sunsets to Cimmerian nights and the
 ebbing of the shifting tide.

THE MONUMENT

A mass of bronze and gold
An ornate thing of beauty
stands as a monument to a king's greatness.
The tales of years of heroic battles
waged and won in the name of honour
A palace steeped in great blocks of stone
that will erode into sand
that will fall back to the sea
But what of this monument
If it be lost - buried by earth and sand and ash?
Who will remember what once was?

Each day the sun rises and sets
Its place
over each of mankind's monuments to life
Yet this glowing orange light needs no remembrance
It is a monument to itself.

You search for gold and honour
with which you build your monument
But what of this beautiful monument
When it is lost - buried by earth and sand and ash?
For unlike the sun your monument is not constant
What have you then to mark your place,
the land upon which you once trod?

by David Moroz, 11A

HONOURABLE MENTION. GRADE 11 TOPOGRAPHIC MEDITATION

THE OLD CITY

Farhan Memon, 11A

From atop the peak of a mountain
the Old City is seen
keeper of three faiths prostrate before a single God
in sun-baked houses centuries old that
dot the maze of streets and alleyways
In which rocks
small, big, bigger fly alongside fiery bottles
falling from the sky
being answered by a hostile hail
of puncturing bullets fired by
the men in pure White with nary a drop of red
to taint their garb
as the pulsating anger grows.

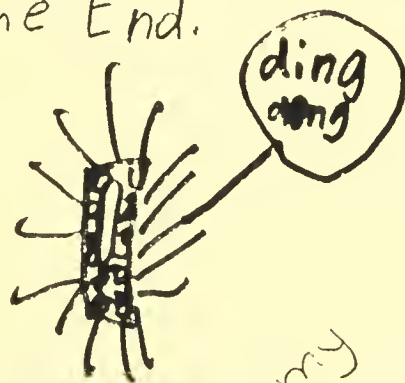
As night comes to tear gassed combatants
generations of tense peace hang in the air
as the floodgate of memories
past struggles fought and lost
a beacon to the Promised Land
while those trying to achieve peace hoping never too
invent tales of terror
brothers born of one father quarrelling
over a land symbolizing the unity of man
Never an ordinary battle
having distinguishable boundaries
it is a vulture its wings spanning the world
sparking debate wherever they touch
translating into a vortex of violence at its apex.

You have seen this struggle
continue on and off for a millennium
seen narrow streets flow with the blood of those fallen
the house polluted with wailing
You have seen your children
live in peace at times yet
a permanent solution never materializes
With the killing of another in another place
You will surely abandon the Chosen People.

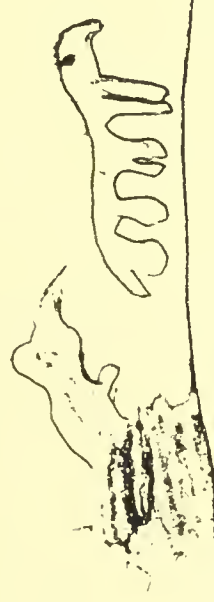
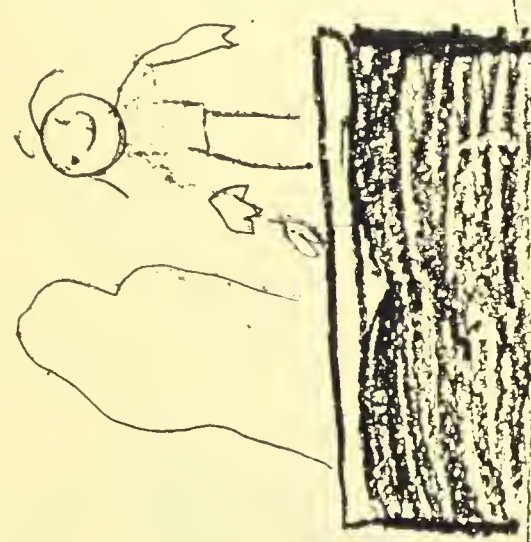


We saw the inside
Of a woodpeckers home
i wonder what it wold be
like to be a woodpecker
i wold swoop to the
hole in the tree.

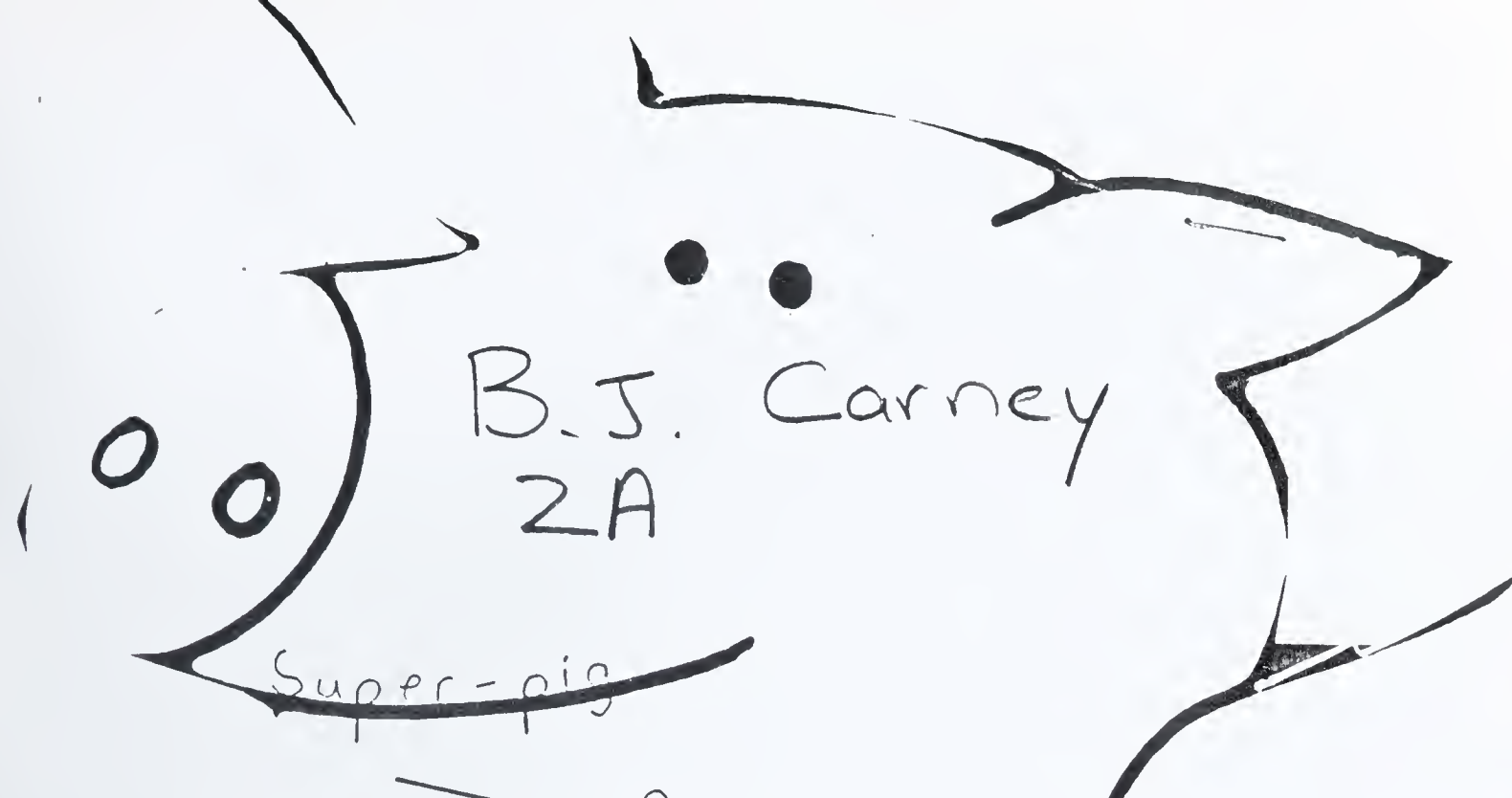
Once a pone a time there
was a cow named
David. One day he ran
away! Oh no! the farmer
was going to feed it and
milk it. oh no! said the
wife. Just then the telephone
rang! hooray! Someone brought
the cow back. but it was ill.
A Car has bumbed in to it.
Oh no! It died, but its babies
were alive. the End.



Jeremy
Baskin
1A



one day I. was diging I. sed to in. my sand box; I.
I must. hav Poot and a baby I self this.
must dad and a baby Beo found a ded end from the tree thatm
thar and it dide I saw anuthr. ho
Dinosaur come e Wt.



B.J. Carney
2A

Super-pig

One day,
past the known galaxy, the
planet Pigton was hit by a mud
shower. The pigs who lived there
liked it a lot. The scientists
found out that the density of Pigton's
molecular structure would not resist
the total equation of weight. And all
that technical garbage. Their
assistant explained it in a language
they could all understand. They sent
the only piglet out to space.

in a pigpen with an engine. It crashed into a local pigpen on earth.

The hatch opened. The piglets stared. The mother pig screamed. The father pig thought it was fat and ugly. They all screamed when he broke the top of the pigpen with an engine and flew to the top of the barnhouse. The farmer came running with his gun. When he saw the pig flying he fired. The bullet hit the pig's snout. It bounced off and shot the farmer's navel. He ran back into his house. The father pig named the pig from outer space Super-Pig.

Who is to fight for worldly pig freedom and to keep pigs from being turned into ham and bacon. And all that liberty and justice for pigs. They sent him to Pigtropolis as a reporter for the Daily Piglet. His code name was Cluck kent. The most hated villain known to Pigtropolis had just escaped from prison. His name was Lex Butcher. One day Lex Butcher kidnapped a pig and was about to turn him into bacon alive. Super-Pig crashed through the window and untied the pig (free of charge). Then Lex Butcher threw a steel knife at Super-Pig. It bounced right off him.

He ran after Super-Pig and
threw a chainsaw at him.

That bounced off the roof and
cut around the floor Lex
Butcher was standing on. He
went crashing through the floor.

Super-Pig went home. When Super-Pig
looked out the window he saw a big shiny
thing that had Pigis lane who was his
partner at the Daily Piglet. He looked
outside of its windshield. Inside he saw
Lex butcher. From his megaphone he said

"Super-Pig try to beat my Mega-
Michetti". Super-Pig flew out of his
window. He pried his partner from the
Mega-Michetti. "Why do you call it a
Mega-Michetti?" Super-Pig asked.

"Because of this!" he replied. A giant
Michetti fell from the Mega-Michetti. Two hours
later Super-Pig was tired. Just about
to be smashed he ran into a
italian restaurant. He rushed into the
kitchen where he snatched a tomato.
He threw it at the Mega-Michetti.
it overloaded and exploded!

Super-Pig was the First
Super hero ever.

space Damage

There was an old man who went into
space

And had ice cream in his face.

They kicked him out,

Without a doubt,

Because he had a sticky face.

by

Robby Sawhney

2B

A Lady

A lady had three babies,
So she threw them up a tree.
When they came down,
She had a big frown,
Because they ^{still} were three.

By Sean Foristime 2B

A Limerick

There was a big elephant from Rio
Who took a job as a spy.
With a peanut brain
And a trip in a tram,
He simply tied his tie.

Mischa Auerbach-Giogas 2B

The Dog

by Tommy Simon
2B

There once was a dog
Who ate a whole frog,
Seven little fish,
And then sat on a log.

Halloween Night

A witch in a ditch hole,

A broom that's doomed.

A skelton in the court

yard making a big boom.

You are rising in the air with

all your fright.

That's because it's

HALLOWEEN NIGHT!

by Mischa Auerbach-Ziogas 2B

CHOCOLATE DONUTS

BLACK STUFF

TOO GOOD


LOOKS MESSY

IS GOOEY

IF EAT

GET SICK

Kyle Pilot
4B

Birdy 

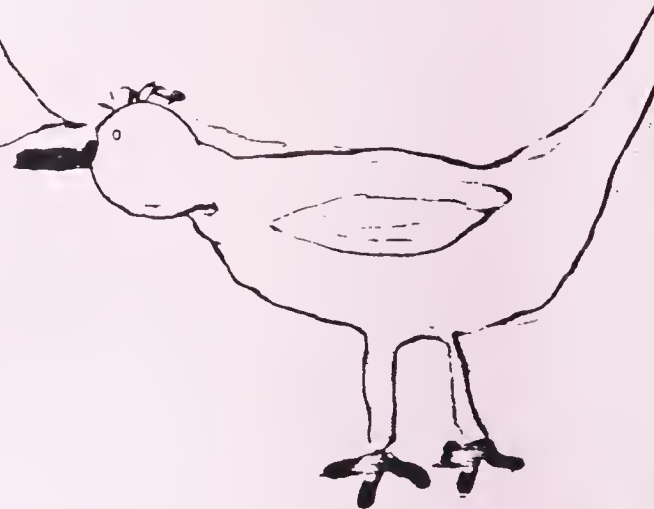
The baby bird

Screamed out for help,

"Give me some food,
even help!"

Edward. Stock 4A

Help!!!



Spring
Proves it is the
Rippest season

In the
New Year's
Ground.

By Andrew Stotland
STEPHEN.
Fish. 4.6

TWO WORDS

APPLE PIE

SCRUMPTIOUS CRISP

MOUTH WATERING

TASTY APPLES

MAKES DROOLING

FAVORITE SNACK

YUM! YUM!

Enemy Plane!

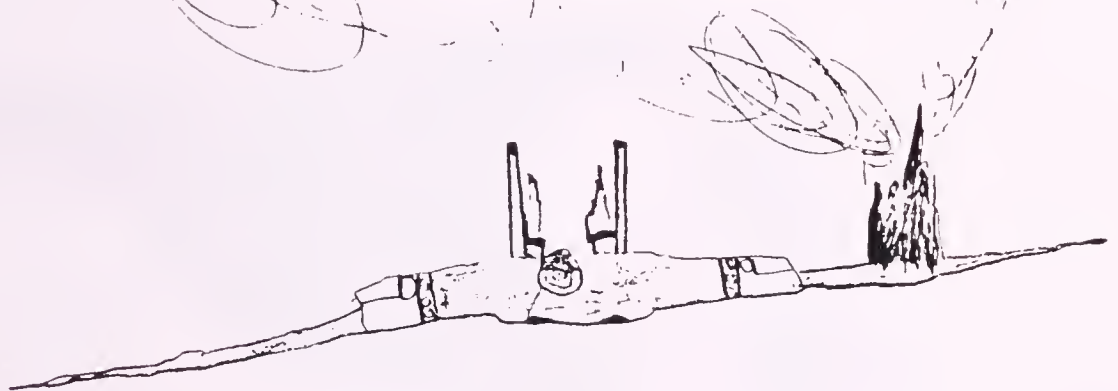
Enemy planes
Comin' in,
Oh my god!
What a sin!

Rockets blast!
missiles ready,
I'm in the air,
The plane keeps steady.

Missiles fire!
What a roar!
One missed its mark.
The other one bore,

Into my plane
That hit its mark!
Now I go down
Into the dark!

Ryan Ash 4A



PIZZA

L looks round

F smells delicious

H ave lots

W ith pepperoni

A nd cheese

S picy salami

W ith mushrooms

E at lots

B e sick

BY: Dirk Felamann
Alex Kanacri
christopher ludgate

Today is

sunny
with
blue
skies
and
showers
tonight

but
I
feel
just
right.

by Nicky
Martin

4B

People

At the park

Rent
Kites

By Andrew Stanford
4B

THE NORTH STAR
(for my mother on Mother's Day)

William Cobbett, 4A

The North Star is bright just like your eyes.
The North Star is pretty just like your face.
The North Star is very wise--just like you.
The North Star cares, so do you.
The North Star is understanding, so are you.
The only difference is, The North Star is in the sky,
And you're on Earth.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

Martin Hall, 4A

The man in the moon came down too soon.
He went by the south, and he burnt his mouth.
He called for his Mum, and that's why he's so dumb.

He was tired, so he was fired.
His mother came down and said, "Alabumdum!"
"What does alabumdum mean, Mum?"

"It means you are dumb,"
And then she spanked him on the bum.

THE SCHOOL GOZER

Andrew Lassner, 4A

The School Gozer
Goes around
Up and down the stairs,
Through the hallways, in the classes,
Leaving gook on all the chairs.
The School Gozer
Goes around.

POEMS BY 4A STUDENTS

BATTLES

Victor Kramer

The battles range on.
Innocent people die.
I wish they would stop.

FRIENDSHIP

Karl Muchantef

Friendship is like a ferris wheel:
On the bottom, enemies,
and on the top, friends.

UPS AND DOWNS

Antony Blaikie

Everybody has friends, but you always have fights.
You may be fighting about the stupidest things like
Their colour or their religion, and it makes no sense
At all because you'll always be friends no matter
What colour or religion. You will will always be friends.

COLOURS

Hafeez Lalani

Black and white go together
Black and white do not fight forever
White is light
and black is dark
But they both go together forever and ever.

FIGHTS ARE USELESS

Karl Herba

Fights are useless.
They are bad because you get hurt,
break up friendships and hurt people's feelings
Religion.
Some people fight because they're different.
Some fight because they want everyone
to be the same. There're not many
different people in the world.
Some are prejudiced, and these people
kill, insult, hurt, and they think they're
better than other people.
Selfishness.
Everyone is equal.

COLOURS

Martin Hall

If you call someone
names just because of his
colour, or his religion,
what do you think he'll
think about you?

NAMES

Eric Goldwarg

Calling a person a name
because of his
 Colour
 or
 Religion
should be like doing it
to a huge
Boulder.

A FRIEND IS NOT

Richard Calve

A friend is not a friend when he hurts you
Like a book is not a book when it's not published.

WORDS ARE ROCKETS

Tarun Khanna

Words are rockets blasting off.
When someone attacks you, you get hurt,
And there are many ways to stop rockets and
words.

TREES

Sami Sidi

There were
three trees.
One of the trees came from Israel. Another came
from India and the third came from Arabia.

The three trees were planted together in Canada.
They shared the same
water and the sun.
But they hated each other
because they were different colours.
But in the
end they died together.

6. ANTONIO FARGNOLI

Robert Fargnoli, 4A

My great grandfather lived in San Amborgio Sul Garigliano (near Monte Cassino between Rome and Naples) in the province of Frosinone in Italy.

He attended school until Grade 5 and lived in a normal size house for a family of seven children. His family ate pasta, lamb, chicken, and other goods they farmed. The holidays they had were similar to here, Xmas, New Year's, Easter, except they have two more for the patron saints and protectors of the town: one on February 3rd, San Biagio, and one July 16, Madonna Del Carmine.

The jobs he and his family had were mostly farming, and he also became an apprentice shoemaker.

Italy at that time was a monarchy under King Vittorio Emanuele. It was a stable political situation until later in the 1930's when the army and Mussolini took over. My great grandfather left Italy in 1923 to go to New York by boat to look for a better life--meaning more opportunity for jobs and higher standard of living. A funny thing happened when he got off the boat. He was very hungry and met a vendor selling beautiful yellow bananas. The vendor gave him two bananas for all the money he had brought with him (\$20.00 U.S.) He got 5 cents change. It wasn't bad enough he had been cheated: when he took a bite out of the banana, he couldn't eat it. He spit it out complaining that it tasted like soap compared to the fruit he was used to in Italy. What a waste of money!

My great grandfather took a trip to Montreal and decided that he should stay there, where the political situation was stable and he seemed to like the city.

Life in his new country, Canada, was rough at first because he was poor, did not have much education, and did not know the language. At his first job with the Montreal Tramway Company he earned approximately \$10.00 a week. In 1929 he joined his future father-in-law, who was a shoemaker. There he shined shoes and was an apprentice shoemaker, earning between \$15.00 to \$20.00 a week.

In 1938 he came to 1319 Green Avenue in Westmount and established his own shoe repair business, first earning approximately \$40.00 to \$50.00 a week. He lived on Workman Street. Shortly after the family moved to Quesnel Street and the business to 1309 Green Avenue. In 1949, he bought the building at 1346 Green Avenue. First he moved his family into the back of the shop, where they lived until the building expanded and they moved to the flat upstairs. My great-grandfather had to work very long hours--15 - 17 hours a day at least, 6 days a week, and sometimes even 7 days a week--but at least he was treated well and respected by other people who came to know him, and that gave him strength to carry on.

For me life might be different in Italy or it might not have been. It is similar in that those who work hard can benefit from it.

My great grandfather, G. Antonio Fagnoli, died on August 12, 1978, the date of my birth, in the same hospital, just one hour before I was born.

MY GRANDFATHER

Eric Goldwarg, 4A

My grandfather came to Montreal from Roumania in 1922 when he was only three years old.

When they were still in Roumania, they were very poor. My grandfather's father had a job as a tailor. He made very little money. Then they decided to come to Canada because it was right after World War I, and the politics were very unstable. They came because they made very little money and thought it might become very hard for the Jews there.

When they first came to Montreal, they were still poor. They lived in the east end of the city on de Boullion Street. There were six people in his family, and they lived in a two-room apartment.

Here in Montreal, there was a lot of opportunity to make money. When my grandfather was eight years old, every day after school he went to sweep floors in a factory. When he was only thirteen years old, he had to quit school to go to work in that factory. Even then he still got very little pay. Where they lived, they were treated very well because lots of Jewish immigrants were living around there.

Right now I would hate to live in Roumania because it is a Communist country, and I would have no freedom. I'm lucky my grandfather came to Canada when he did.

FROM POLAND TO CANADA

Andrew Lassner, 4A

It was hard to live in the 1880's for some people in Poland. People lived in little huts. They didn't have much money. They didn't have expensive clothing. It was also hard because of pogroms. Pogroms were massacres of common people by armies that hated Jews. However, the Jews still studied the religion and celebrated the same holidays that we celebrate today. In 1886 in Lodz, Poland, a boy was born named Harry Bornstein. Harry was the first child, and usually the first son in a Jewish family studied the Jewish religion. In fact, all the studying was done in religious schools.

Harry's grandparents, his mother's parents, never had a son. Harry's parents offered their first to Harry's grandparents to adopt. Now his grandparents would have a son to study the religion and also take care of them when they got old. So baby Harry went off to live with his

new parents. When Harry got older he became a weaver. His real parents had many more children, and Harry had brothers and sisters, but he never lived with them. Harry visited his brothers and sisters often until his real parents got very worried because pogroms were killing more and more Jews all the time. So they decided to move to North America, but they didn't take Harry along because he still lived with his grandparents.

When Harry was about eighteen years old, in 1905, his grandparents decided that it was getting too dangerous in Lodz for Harry to stay. So they said to him, "Harry, you must rejoin your parents now in the free land of North America." By himself Harry left Poland for North America.

His parents were living in Patterson, New Jersey. It was the first time except when he was first born that Harry had ever lived with his real parents and brothers and sisters. When Harry first arrived in New Jersey, it was a strange and new place. Harry had a feeling that he was going to have a great life living here. But first he had to learn the new language, find friends, and learn all about the new country.

In the next few years, in the late 1920's, His family started up a textile business with mills where giant looms made materials. Harry got married and moved to Hartford, Connecticut, to run that branch of the business there. As time went on, the family company even opened mills in Quebec, in Ste. Hyacinthe and Joliette.

Harry had a family now. He worked every weekday at the mills in Quebec and only came home to Hartford to visit his family on weekends.

In the 1930's a labour union was organized at the mill in Hartford. The workers wanted more money than Harry could give to them. He was also very tired of all the travelling he had to do. So Harry decided to close the Hartford mill, and in 1940 he moved his family to Montreal, which was much closer to the mills in Ste. Hyacinthe and Joliette. Later on, some of his brothers and sisters also moved to Montreal, and the business became the second largest textile business in Canada.

Sometimes Harry would think that he was lucky he had moved to North America because if he hadn't moved he, probably wouldn't have survived World War II. Six million Jews were murdered in Europe, including practically every Jew in Poland. So he would have died leaving no descendants.

Harry lived a long life and finally died in Montreal in 1979 at the age of 93. He had 2 children, 7 grand-children, and 4 great-grand-children.

SCHOOL CRAZINESS

Victor Kramer, 4A

Help! The School is crazy,
and my mind is hazy.

My teachers have become
preachers.

There's no more
lunch to munch.

The additions wrong.
The School is becoming a ding-dong.

My teachers are monsters,
and my friends are becoming bobsters.

GET OUT!

Karl Herba, 4A

You're in the classroom
With a friend,
And you're cracking jokes the whole time.

Your teacher says, "Be quiet!"

So you do until you can't

You try to be quiet, but it's
too late

"Get Out! Get Out!"
You're down the hall to the office,
And what do you see?

The principal on the telephone with a
Frog on his knee!

THE NIGHT SKY

Samir Sidi, 4A

Sitting on the Grass looking at the sky,
You hear a scary cry.
When you look up to the sky,
You see an alien ship going by.

You run into your house, and you call your mother and father.
But they don't believe you,
So you sit back on the grass and look up at the sky.

MARGARET

John MacDonald, 4A

I am going to be writing about a little girl named Margaret Fleming who lived in Ireland more than 100 years ago. Margaret Fleming is my grandmother's grandmother, which makes her my great, great-grandmother.

People who lived in Ireland were usually Catholic, but she wasn't. Ireland was ruled by the British. The British were usually Protestant. Ireland didn't like being ruled by the British.

Margaret Fleming went to a school with one classroom. About 30 years ago my great-grandmother went back to Ireland to see where her mother (Margaret) grew up. She saw the name Margaret Fleming carved into one of the desks in the little schoolhouse. In those days some kids didn't go to school.

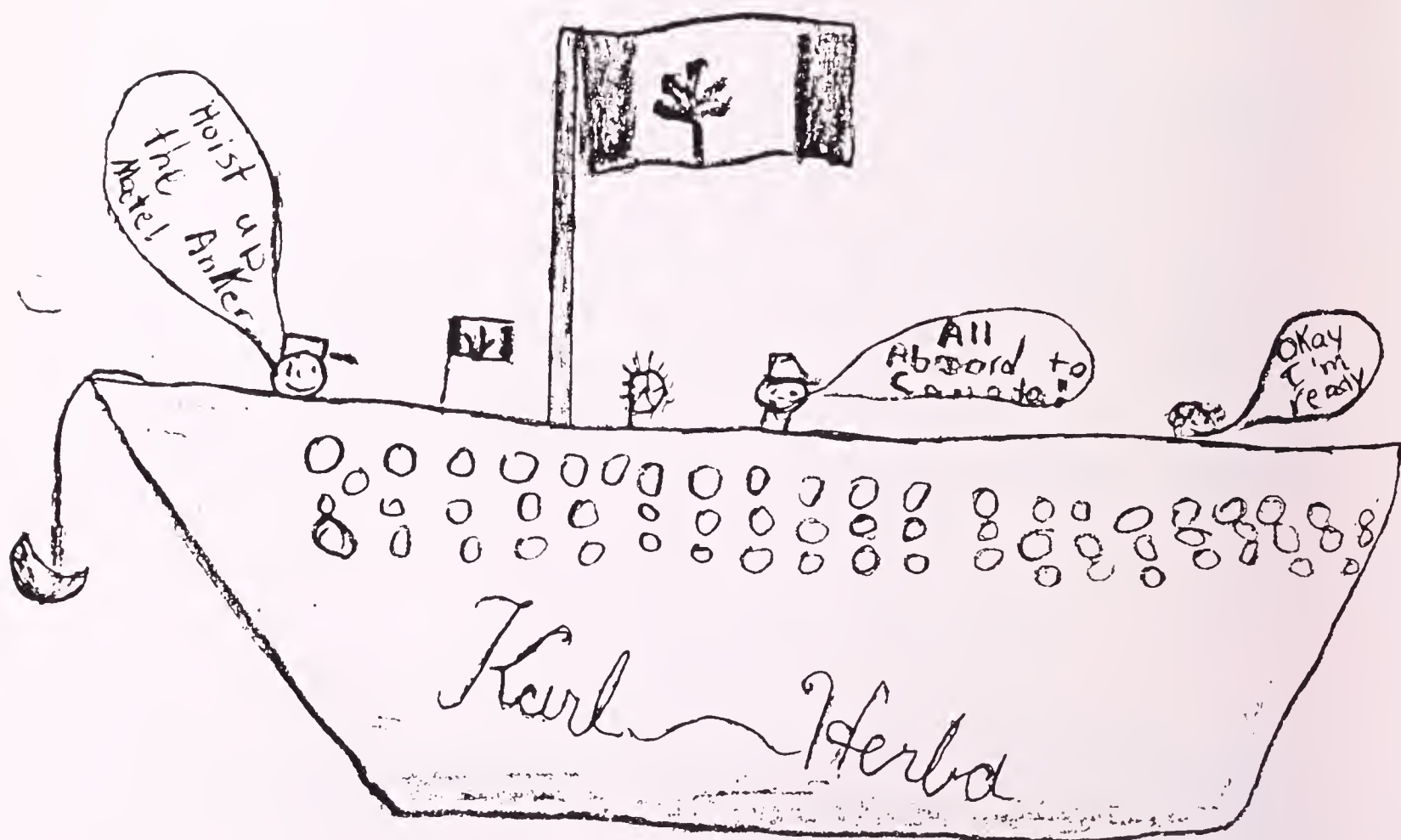
Margaret lived on a farm and life was not easy. She was born in 1862, fifteen years after the potato famine. She was nine years old when she came to Canada with her seven brothers. They came to Canada on a boat and it took them many weeks. Some of their relatives had gone to Canada and they had heard that there was a better life in Canada. They settled in Carol, Manitoba, where they lived on a farm. After a few years, Margaret Fleming married William Stinson and they moved to Winnipeg. He was a carpenter and they had five girls and three boys. Life was better in the new country!!!

MY FAMILY

Karl Herba, 4A

My family is made up of three different cultures, French, Scottish, and Polish. The only person alive today who can give me any information about what it was like to come to a new country is my father's mother who came to Canada from Poland in 1911 at the age of three. Her parents left Poland just before World War 1 in order to find a better and safer life. Life in the old country was very difficult because they had no conveniences, and everybody was worried about the war that seemed to be coming. My great-grandfather came over first and found a job, and a year later my great-grandmother came to join him with my grandmother. The journey on the boat was very long and many people died and were then thrown overboard. They finally reached Montreal and had to board a train for the long journey out West to Winnipeg. It was difficult when they got there since they had no family to help them. My great-grandfather had come to Canada to make enough money so that he could return to Poland and live comfortably. But the war changed his plans, and as his family

grew bigger, he decided to stay and make his home in Canada. He worked very hard in Canada and his children grew up and married. They had an easier life here, and their children all went to university. If my great-grandparents had stayed in Poland, their children and grand-children might not have had the same chances in life.



The swimmer

Geoffrey Cher, 5A

The swimmer
swimming fast
across the lake
in the morning
to be healthy

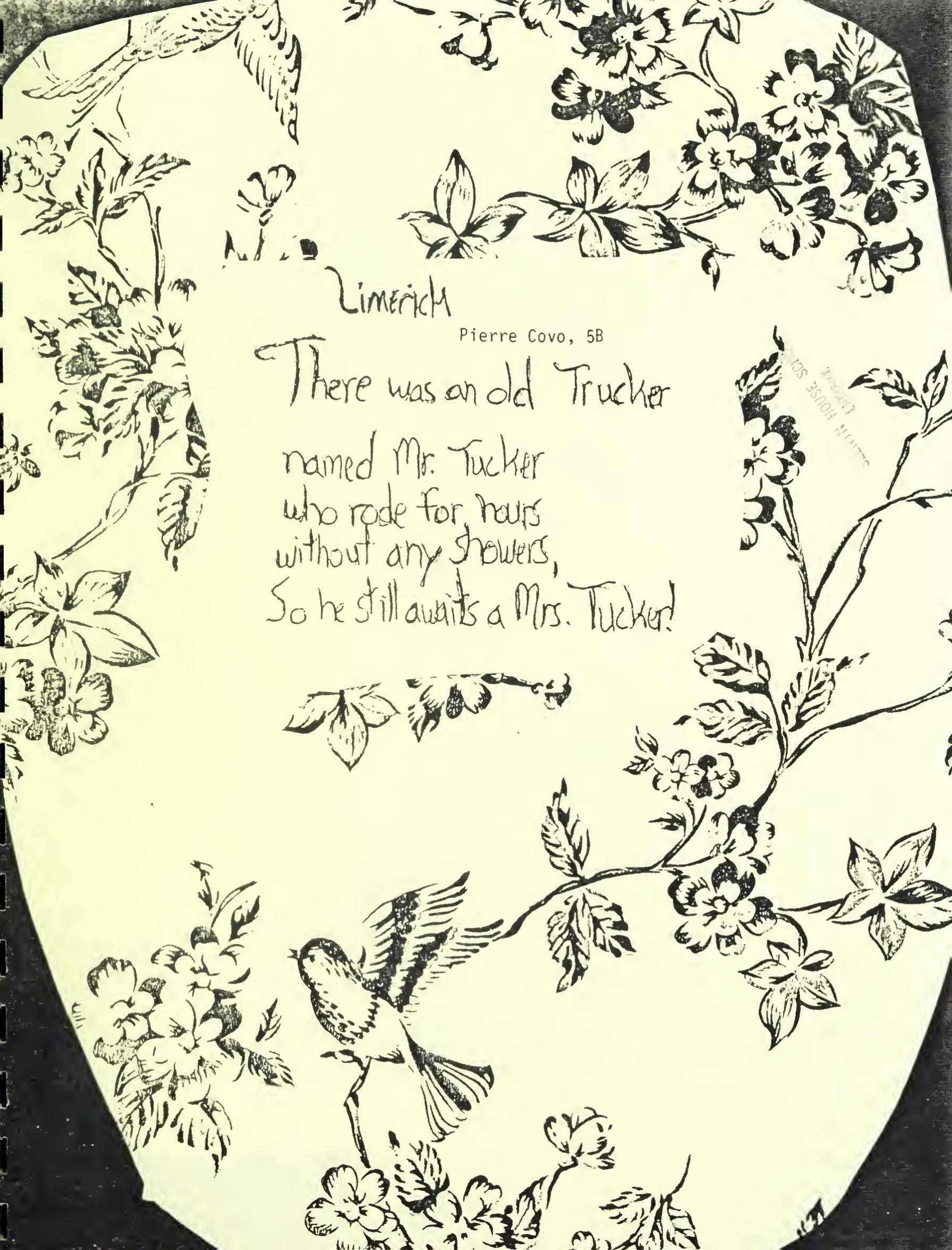


The skater

Geoffrey Cher, 5A

The young skater
skating gracefully
on the frozen lake
in the day
for the Olympics





Limerick

Pierre Covo, 5B

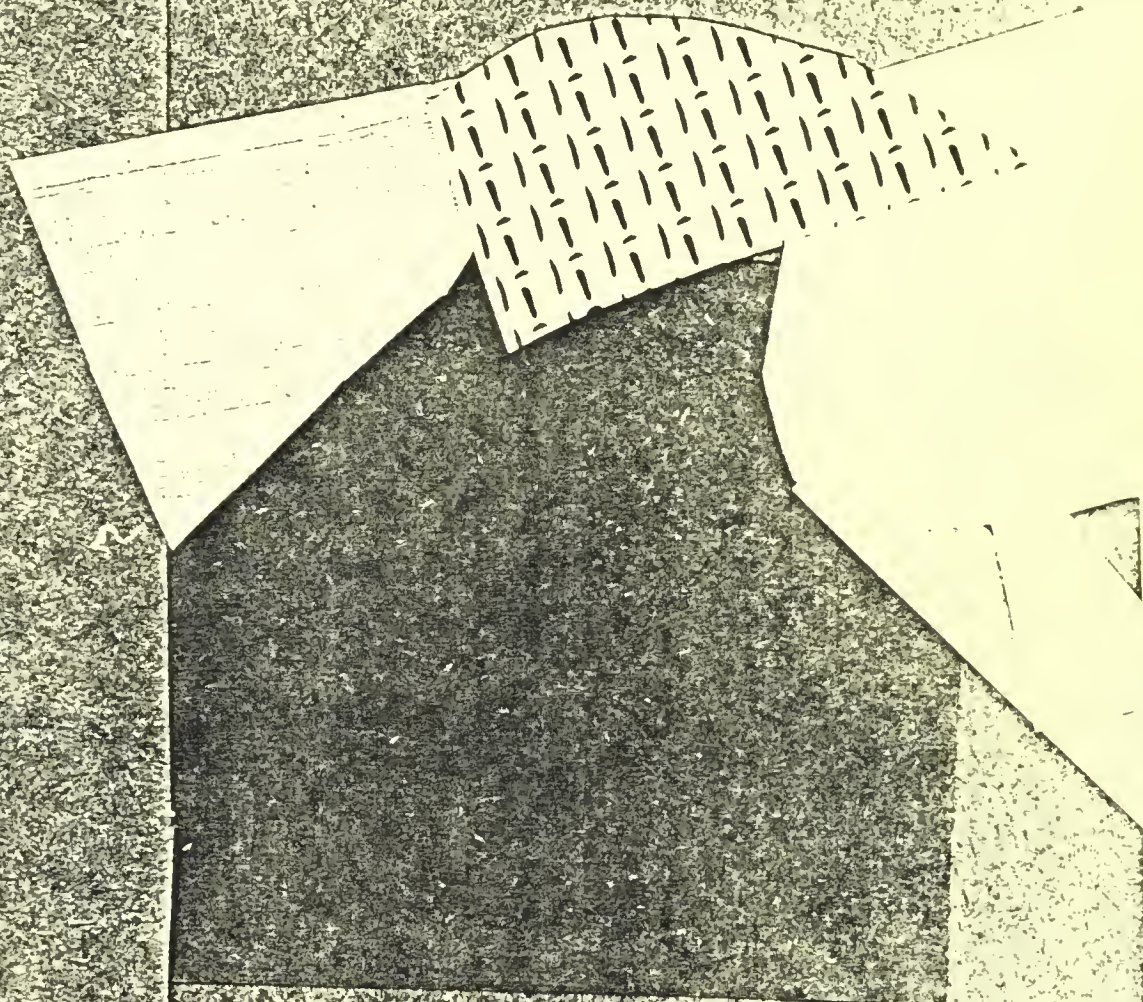
There was an old Trucker
named Mr. Tucker
who rode for hours
without any showers,
So he still awaits a Mrs. Tucker!

Cartoon

THE HAT

"Let go of that hat,
or I'll hit you hard, Jack!"

"Oh please, don't do that,
that's my little brother's cap."



By: Matthew
Beckerleg

STB

THE TERMINATORS

Vicky Sawhney, 5A

The day of the Rose Bowl Parade began in Mega-City. The first two floats came out of the old Rose Bowl warehouse where the floats were built. Everybody started to clap and cheer! But without a warning, the evil Brotherhood rammed into the floats and started to shoot at everybody in their way or anyone near them. But just then the good Terminators entered the fun. The Terminators tried to do everything they could. First they broke necks, and then they punched. After the Brotherhood was finished being beaten up, all that was left of them was their dead bodies with blood splashing all over the ground. After the fun was over, everyone that was still alive started to cheer and yell, HURRAH!!!

SPRING

Eyad Saheb, 5A

Spring is a beautiful season to be in. It brings with it warmth, sunshine, and most important, happiness. Coming with it is fresh air, baseball, robins, and flowers. Spring water comes from the high, cold mountains in spring. You can enjoy spring in your backyard while gardening and smelling your flowers. Kids playing outside enjoy spring, too. So please enjoy spring. It's ... beautiful!

THE DIVE

Neill Hunt, 5A

I launched myself into the cool, blue, sparkling ocean. Water closed in around my face; it felt cool and refreshing. I lurched to the surface, and as my face broke the waterline, I was engulfed by the wake of a swift sailboat. The sun beat down on me as I went for a second dive.

HOUSE OF HORRORS

Chris Andreotti, 5A

He trudged down the muddy road. It was 12:03 p.m. John knew he would have to get a car soon or he would have to bunk somewhere that had shelter from the rain. A final car swished past him. He frowned. But suddenly his attitude picked up. There in the distance he saw a huge mansion with one light on inside. John thought to himself, "Who could be up at this hour of the night? I guess it's worth a try!" he said. He walked up the poor, ugly ill-kept walk. The grass was too long and needed a cut. He walked up four steps and knocked on a knocker in the shape of a maltreated looking goblin's head. (John had no idea what dangers were in store for him in this mansion.)

(to be continued)

THE PEACEFUL DEAD FOREST

Chris Teryazos, 5A

Beautiful red, yellow and blue sunset, with no living creatures stirring about; only the wind rustling in the tree tops.

SCHOOL'S OUT!

Jonathan Tryansky, 5A

"Look at all of the beauty."

I looked around: flowers, trees, a cool breeze, birds flying high and low. I ran through the field without any shoes and dove into the lake! Cool! I started to do the crawl when I

"Michael, Michael Bruster! Get off the floor and stop daydreaming!"

"Yes, Mrs. Montgomery."

I walked back to my seat.

"Smooth move, ex-lax!" Said my friend.

"Well," I said, "It's hard to think of school when it's so nice out."

"There are only fourteen more days left of school."

"I guess you're right."

The sun was out. I had it all planned. A picnic. The forest animals sat with me and

"Michael Nelson Bruster!?"

"Yes, Mom?"

"Where were you?"

"In my room, I think."

"What do you mean, you think?"

"Nothing, Mom!"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes!"

"Are you really sure?"

"Yes!"

"O.K. then, come to dinner."

I got on the patio chair sipping pineapple juice from a pineapple
and

"Michael, 50 push-ups!"

"Yes, Sir!"

I dove into the lake, had a picnic, and sipped pineapple juice
from a pineapple, but this time for real. School's Out!

PALM TREES

Stefan Frirdich, 5A

In the summer air
There are coconuts to share
High up in the air

FISHING

Poles up in the air
All the fish is for the fair
Hooks are everywhere

ODE TO SPRING

Bradley White, 5A

Spring is coming. It's on it's way.
It starts late April and runs through May.

The grass is green, and sun is bright,
The buds are blooming, the sky is light.

The snow is gone, and so is the ice.
The breeze is pleasant, and the weather is nice.

So now that cold has lost to the sun,
Let's all go out and have some fun.

Baseball's started. Tickets are sold.
A front row seat is worth a pound of gold.

The trees are no longer bare, but rather green.
What could all these funny signs mean?

The only thing that comes to mind
Is the simple conclusion that it's Springtime!

THE OLD MAN

Tadhg O'Sullivan, 5A

There was an old man from 5A
Who didn't get very much pay.
His name is Seville,
And when he got the bill,
He fainted until the next day.

HORSES

Jamie Finnie, 5A

Horses galloping
In the wild wilderness as
Wind brushes their manes.

A PARODY

Alex Russel, 5B

Three blind farmers,
Three blind farmers,
They all ran up to the mouse's wife.
She cut off their heads with a carving knife.

Three dead farmers,
Three dead farmers.

MY RULER

Matthew Beckerleg, 5B

My ruler's tall and thin,
And never moves without a grin.
It measures my lines
And never really minds,
And everybody's jealous of him.

NICE

Nicholas Kaulback, 5B

Please leave me alone
and don't be nice.
Don't tuck in my pants
or ask me to water the plants
I will do what I want
and won't listen to you haunt.
But please be nice to me tomorrow
AND ONLY WHEN
I
WANT.

I'VE NEVER SEEN THE OCEAN

Wolfgang Loss Wells

I've never seen the ocean except in my imagination. I think it would be wonderful to see the sea, to run on the sparkling sand, to play in the waves. Oh! How I long to feel that salt water, to make sand castles in the sand. I wish I could see the ocean all blue and cool on a hot summer's day. I do wish I could see the ocean.

NUMB MY TOES

David Haber

I walked through the streets admiring the long, sheer icicles that dangled from slanted roof-tops. The crisp winter air stung my cheeks. I could hear the engine of a car helplessly "coughing and sputtering" as the owner tried to get it started. My warm breath formed into water vapor and froze to my scarf. I couldn't wait to get out of this miserable weather. The sun shone brightly, but the winter air still managed to numb my toes.

SUMMER BOAT TRIP

Eric Lewandowski, 5A

The motor roars in the back as the wind brushes my face and the water sprays my feet.

The way the boat bounces among the waves makes me feel like I was flying with the birds. I look towards the port side, and I see the sun fading on the horizon in peach, crimson, and orange colors. It begins to get chilly, so I go below deck and enjoy the rest of my ride.

A SPRING DAY IN THE MOUNTAINS

Shawn Rosengarten, 5A

It was a cool spring day.
The blend of clouds and
the mountains made a bright
orange sky. It was very
peaceful and quiet. Trees
were beginning to bloom.
The grass was getting greener
every day. It was starting
to get warmer, and summer
would be here soon. The
birds are finally coming
home from a long winter.

THE DESK

Eyad Saheb, 5A

"Yuk!" I said as I looked at a brown desk, which was supposed to be a green desk. All over it was writing, math problems, and doodling. Not a speck of green could be seen. I stared at it and thought, "How dirty could it get?" Then it happened! I tripped on a math textbook. While

on the ground, I saw books--books all over, on the seat and under. Anybody who tried passing might trip. I got up, and as I did so, I caught a glimpse of the inside. "I might get sick!" I thought. Everything was scattered. So unorganized. I rumaged through. After all--it's my desk!!

A MENU OF POEMS

Durwin Mok

Appetizer

Flowers growing, flowers growing, swimming pools, swimming pools, Everybody's playing, even little children, ding dong dong, all day long.

Main Course

Springtime's here, Springtime's here. Everybody is sweating. Outdoor sports are coming out because springtime is coming. Track and field, bike riding--what great activities. Butterflies fly around because springtime is here.

DESSERT

Come on, you springtime lovers, and listen to my song.
It's all about springtime and how it goes along.
A Big Mac, golden fries, a medium softdrink for only \$3.24--you can't ask for anymore.

DEATH

Patrick Brown, 5A

A strong wind tore at the withered tree branches as a desperate and wailing sob echoed through the nighttime blackness, crying out desperately for fear and for the fury of the night. The cry uttered one last helpless wail before a sudden gust of wind drowned it out completely. Then, over the sound of the wind, seemingly coming from both the abyss and the thunderstruck sky at once, came a mocking, inhuman laugh that died away slowly, teasingly. Death had claimed yet another victim.

A MENU OF POEMS

Chris Trubiani, 5A

The appetizer is a limerick called "A New Car."

There was a nice guy names Otus.
He went to buy a Lotus.
He went all but half way,
But then had to say,
"I'm not going without a notice."

The main course is a Cinquain called "Snow."

Snow is
white with delight
looks like ballerinas
while falling from the sky it seems
to dance.

The dessert is a Lanturn called

School
School
Bad Day
good classmates
Awards for marks
Friends

That's the menu for today, people.

THE WORLD WOULD BE A BETTER PLACE

Mallar Chakravarty, 5A

The world would be a better place
If there were no arms within the human race.
It would be really neat
If everyone had a little to eat.
It would be great
If people did not discriminate.
Let us love and not hate.

THE FLYING CARPET

Andrew James Coristine, 5B

I don't believe it happened: my mother accidentally bought a Persian rug. As the auctioneer was asking \$500.00 for the rug, my brother asked her a question about a guitar in the corner of the room. She pointed to it, and the auctioneer yelled, "Sold to the lady with the blond hair!" (my mother). My mother said that it was an accident, but the auctioneer said that there were no refunds. The reason we were at the auction was because of a grand piano we were hoping to buy, but thanks to my mother we ended up with an old rug (it didn't even look nice).

When we got home, we put it in the entrance way as a doormat. My mother decided to have a nap, and I went outside to play. When I came in, I stepped on the carpet, and it took off. I had always had an urge to go to China, and as if the carpet read my mind, it flew to China. I landed on the Great Wall of China, and I walked along it. The carpet followed me like a loyal dog. After about one half hour of walking, the carpet slid under my feet, and we took off.

It flew me to a mountain covered with bamboo, and I observed almost 100 giant pandas having a snack. One of the pandas saw me and asked me if I could supply them with more food. I offered him my only possession, a Crispy Crunch bar. The panda loved it and asked me for more. I told him I'd ask my government to send them some along with some jellybeans.

Afterwards, I took off again towards the Himalayas with one of the pandas accompanying me. When I got there, I saw nothing but snow and ice. I flew around some more, and then I saw a Yeti (abominable snowman). As he was about to grab us, we flew off and ended up back home just as my mother was waking up. I wondered how I'd explain about the panda, until I remembered that I wouldn't need to because he'd explain about himself.

The end

P.S. My letter to the government was accepted.

SECMOND FRACLE

5B

Secmond Fracle was a locksmith.
The day went long as he fixed locks,
But he had a secret unknown to the world:
he was a criminal as sly as a fox.

At night he went out of his cabin,
and into the house of the witch.
He would go and take off their money,
and a ride from the house he would hitch.

The sheriff heard of the robbery,
and quickly went to the house.
Secmond Flacle was far away
and left no more clues than a mouse.

The sheriff knew where the place would be
where Secmond would be next.
So the sheriff knew it to be the night
that Secmond would be next.

The sheriff went straight to the Richmonds
Where their money was a lot.
When Secmond came, he didn't know
That that night he would be caught.

Secmond went inside the house
and to a picture on the wall.
Behind the picture he cracked the safe,
and outside the money he hauled.

But the sheriff was much too smart for him,
and in the bushes he hid.
He held out his gun and then said, "Freeze! Drop
The money! Don't act like a kid."

Now Secmond isn't a locksmith,
and now he is in jail,
and now he'll be there much too long
To ever arrange for bail.

Nail Kneeled at the
Nailed up Kneeling door.



THE VICIOUS DOG

Paul Semerjian, 6A

One day, about two summers ago, I had a bad experience with a wild dog. This dog was a bull-terrier, names Caesar. Caesar belonged to my grandmother, who was the only one who was allowed to go near the dog.

One day, as I was sitting in my grandmother's room and having nothing to do, I began to think about Caesar. I thought that no dog could be as violent as the stories my relatives told me about him.

I crept downstairs, so that my grandparents and my parents wouldn't see me. I went into the kitchen and, ever so quietly, peeked into the so-called violent dog's pen. The dog seemed so friendly from where I was standing. It looked as though Caesar was hungry, so I decided to feed him some left-overs from the evening before. I looked into the refrigerator, and noticed some salami. I took two large slices, and made my way back towards the pen. Quickly, I threw in a slice of salami. After only two seconds, it was gone. "The poor dog," I thought to myself. "He must be so hungry." I then threw in the second slice of salami, and watched him eat it. I could not believe the nasty rumours my relatives were spreading about Caesar.

Soon enough, it happened. I opened the pen and allowed the dog out. The dog ran towards me, growling and baring his teeth. I quickly opened the refrigerator and found some left-over chicken. I dumped all the chicken onto the floor and made my way to the family room. My uncle came running into the family room to help me. I was terrified. My face was burning hot and as red as a tomato!

A few minutes later, Caesar had sunken his teeth into my uncle's arm. My grandmother came in and made the dog calm down. She put him back into his pen.

That night, both my grandparents and my parents decided that the dog should be put to sleep. My uncle had to go to the hospital for stitches!

The next day Caesar was taken to the veterinarian to be put to sleep. The dog was so strong, in fact, it took three times the usual number of pills to put him to sleep.

From that day on, I always take other people's word, even if I have a feeling that they could be mistaken.

LOST

Brian Vroom, 6A

My family and I were at my country place in Grand-Mere on Lac Des Piles. I was about six years old. My mother was going grocery shopping in Shawinigan. I ran down to the old boathouse to get my lifejacket on. "Are you coming, Mom?" I said. She came down the path from the cottage. I asked her every time we went somewhere if I could start the motor, but she always said the same thing: "You won't be able to pull the string but you can try!"

As I opened the door of the humid car, I could feel the hot air rushing out. I jumped in and we were off! Fifteen minutes later, we had arrived at the Steinberg's shopping center. I got out of the car and ran down the parking lot, to be stopped with a jolt by a huge arm. My mother walked rather quickly over to the man who stopped me. She introduced herself and thanked him. The next think I knew, my mother was lecturing me because I'd almost got hit by a car. She wasn't happy!

I entered the shopping center first to get into the racing car (the ones in which you put twenty-five cents). My mother walked by uninterested and told me to come along. Again, I ran by her to enter Steinberg's first. I ran over to the balloons so my mom might buy me one. She said no and asked me to help her get things.

I helped her in the meat section, but then left her when she got to the vegetable section. I ran back to the balloons to play with them. Then, I returned to the vegetable section looking for my mother, but she had left that section. I walked rapidly to find my mother across the aisles, but I still couldn't find her. Then I went up and down the aisles, still not being able to find her. I felt a rush of cold blood run through my body. I started to get tears in my eyes, but I rubbed them out so nobody would see them. But, I couldn't help it. I burst out in tears and ran out of Steinberg's to look around outside. Nothing! I was petrified.

A nice man came up to me and asked me what was wrong, but I could barely talk, I was crying so much. I left him and ran out to the parking lot to see if the car was still there. It was! I stayed there until I heard a voice screaming, "Brian, are you out here?" I could tell that the voice was my mother's, and it sounded just as scared as I was. I left the car and ran up to my mother. I hugged her for about five minutes. She wiped the tears from my face, and we left. I explained to her that I couldn't find her, but she said that she was at the juice section. Even though she had had quite a fright, she was happy that I was okay. She said that if that ever happened to me again, the first idea (this time) was the smartest thing to do. Go to the car and wait there instead of running off somewhere.

TARANTULA

Darryl Quinn, 6A

It was just another boring day in Saudi Arabia. I had just gotten back from preschool which my mother taught. I asked my mother for an idea of what to do (I must have been really bored if I did that) but she didn't really help. She told me to play with my turtle or go and watch T.V. but I had already done that. I didn't really want to watch T.V. or play with my turtle, but I had nothing better to do. I watched T.V. for an hour and then when I was walking through the kitchen to get out the back door, I saw (what I thought was cute) a little spider crawl out from behind the refrigerator. I just stood there for a moment watching it. After about half a minute it started coming towards me, and as it got closer it looked less and less cute every step it took. It was getting pretty close, and it felt like my heart had just jumped into my throat, so I started to walk backwards until I heard footsteps right behind me. Suddenly the footsteps stopped, and then I heard a loud shriek (which was obviously my mother), and before I knew it, I was lifted off my feet. I asked my mother why she took me out of the kitchen. She said that that spider was called a Tarantula. I didn't know what it was until my mother told me that it could kill me with one bite. After that I didn't think it was very cute.

When my father came into the kitchen he asked what all the commotion was about, so my mother pointed to the floor and then told me to get my sister Allison and go outside. While I was walking down the hall to my sister's room, I heard my father tell my mother to go and get a brick from outside. I got my sister and we went to wait outside. After a couple of minutes, my mother came out with a very nervous look on her face. We all sat on the steps waiting for my father to come out. Finally, he did and said that we could come back in the house again. So after that my heart went back down into my chest, and I went and played with my turtle.

AN EMBARRASSING MOMENT

Lucas Evans, 7B

I was doing a film in China and Australia last summer.

While I was in China, I found out how strange a blond-haired, blue-eyed boy looked in a small Chinese town named Hangzhou.

We began filming in a beautiful area near a big lake, named West Lake, made by an emperor thousands of years ago.

Naturally, a crowd of curious babies, children, and adults crowded to see a Western film but didn't expect to see a blonde kid. Usually, boys have very short, dark hair and wear short shorts. Girls wear long shorts, have long hair, and are paler. To my surprise when I was off camera, people, strange people, came up, stared at me closely, poked my face, tugged my ears, and pulled my hair to see if it was real.

The interpreter told me, as a blond-haired, blue-eyed boy wearing Bermuda shorts, I was mistaken for a girl. All throughout the three weeks I was there, people asked my mom whether I was a boy or girl. The last words from China were from a Customs officer, saying "Is boy or girl?"

MOE & ME

Colin Grey, 7A

Though I had known Moe for four years now, it just occurred to me that I had never been invited to one of his birthday parties; yet I had invited him to three of mine, and this made the fourth. I liked Moe, and he liked me, but I must admit that I didn't care for his choice of friends, besides me, of course. As we were walking down the stairs, I handed my invitation to him. He took it, looked inside quickly, placed it in his pocket, and replied, "I'm not sure I'll be able to come. My mother's got tickets to see the M.S.O. perform that night. I might have to go with her."

"Okay. So long as she says yes," I replied, hitting him lightly on the arm.

As we entered the play area, they were picking teams for a game of football, so both of us got up against the wall. Moe was picked almost immediately. I watched him as he went up to Barney Mcfeins, whispered something in his ear, and they both started laughing.

When I was walking home that day, I began wondering what had been so funny, and why Moe hadn't told me. I was, after all, his best friend.

After I had gotten home and entered my bedroom, my thoughts again raced back to the game. I remembered how many times I had been tripped or hit accidentally--eight times by Moe, but each time he had apologized.

That night Moe phoned me about a math problem. After I had explained it to him, I asked if he'd asked his mother about my party.

"Not yet, but I'll ask now. Hold on." I heard him holler the question to his mother. I waited impatiently for an answer. When I heard "yes," I was jubilant.

"Sorry, I can't go," he replied.

"Okay, bye." I hung up in mute shock. I was sure his mother had said yes, but I suppose I was wrong.

That night I lay in my bed thinking about the day's events. It began to worry me, that "yes." It made me think about other things that had happened between Moe and me.

I dreamt about a test Moe and I had taken in Grade 6. Moe and I both got the same mark, and Ms. Melcskin accused one of us of cheating. My reply was that neither of us would cheat. Moe just said that he couldn't cheat because he was two rows away from me. I was suspended.

I woke up the next day with my thoughts in turmoil; everything I did reminded me of some event between Moe and me. None of it made sense until I saw Moe again.

I then realized that Moe had toyed with me all along. He had never been unable to come to my birthday parties; he had never wanted to come. They'd been laughing about me at the football game. He'd hit me those eight times on purpose. It was he who had cheated, he who had done all his homework through me, and his mother had said yes.

It was all so clear when I saw him.

WHY PEOPLE LOVE SCIENCE-FICTION

Jacques Khalip, 7B

"It was a pleasure to burn."

"It was a special pleasure to see things eaten, to see things blackened and changed. With the brass nozzle in his fists, with this great python spitting its venomous kerosene upon the world, the blood pounded in his head, and his hands were the hands of some amazing conductor playing all the symphonies of blazing and burning to bring down the tatters and charcoal ruins of history."

Ray Bradbury, Fahrenheit 451

FAHRENHEIT 451

The cover of this spectacular book portrays a large man, engulfed by the licking, red tongues of flames, arising from a heap of books beneath his feet. A devastated backdrop of a destroyed city melts behind him.

So are presented the many book covers of science-fiction books: fiery, galvanizing. Many of the stories deal with worlds ravaged by some insane event. Authors of science-fiction include such famous names as H.G. Wells, Aldous Huxley, George Orwell, and the more modern ones: Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, and Arthur C. Clarke. Science-fiction is perhaps the most widely dominating fiction of our time, and the most interesting one to read because of its fantastic stories. It is a crowd pleaser and draws many crowds of interested readers. Probably the element which most popularizes science-fiction is the various supernatural or futuristic factors involved. The genre conjures up a sort of "what if" for the reader, which is the main trademark of science-fiction.

Science-fiction actually first developed in the twentieth century, during which an author could centre his technological development. It sometimes involves changes in the human race and future events. The stories range from fact-based to farfetched. The earliest known developer of this genre was Mary Shelley, with her Gothic novel, Frankenstein (1886). Interest in science-fiction is probably aroused by the various astronomical and scientific changes taking place today. Jules Verne is perhaps the best-known science fiction author of the nineteenth century, with his books 20 Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, and Around the World in Eighty Days.

Soon, the intellectual factor in science-fiction prevailed, which gave rise to some better known twentieth-century authors. Isaac Asimov and Ray Bradbury are known for their almost factual stories with the natural twists of the genre. Some of today's popular titles are Fahrenheit 451, and The Foundation Series. Today, in the '80's, science-fiction has become more obscure, yet still very favorably received among today's crowd.

"The mesmerizing appearance" of science fiction is probably that it allows the reader to discover new lands and become involved with various futuristic events in motion, which we are all seduced by. No matter how times change, and our lifestyles change too, science-fiction will always be one full step ahead, giving us a forecast of what the future may hold in store in this Brave New World.

THE BIG BANG

Jeffrey P. Scott, 7B

I can remember when I was in Grade 9. It was winter, and I was off to school. As usual, I had met my friends at the bus stop and talked. That particular day was the day we had a chance to design our own science experiment. I have always been an eager student but, that day was special to me. Although for two years after that day I cried whenever I thought about it, I now see the humour in it.

The bus came on time, something unusual, and my friends and I boarded. We knew it would take forty minutes for our boring ride. Of course, the big talk on the bus that day was the chemistry "free-time."

After I'd spent forty excruciating minutes on the bus, our school finally came into view. As soon as the bus stopped at our stop, I ran straight into the school just as the bell rang to go to chemistry class, which was our first period of that day. I was the first in the class. Mr. Cook, our teacher, let me begin immediately.

I started mixing something labelled COCOA: H_2O , CO , H_2SO_4 and anything else within my grasp. Bubbles, fizzes and, "OH NO!, oh yes! KABOOM!" That day it was estimated that the school had suffered over twenty-five thousand dollars in damage. As expected, I never became a chemist, but I became a writer. One of my best stories is called "The Big Bang."

GOSSIPAEUS AND THE CONSTRUCTION AT RESTING SPACE

Benjie Wakrat, 7A

With the coming of civilization, many trees and forests were cut down. Bugs, squirrels, and all other tree-dwelling animals had no place to sit and rest. These animals, deprived of resting space, prayed to the gods. Zeus could not ignore the animals, no matter how hard he tried, so he called a meeting of the gods. Zeus proposed that a committee be formed to undertake the design and construction of resting space for animals.

No one volunteered. No one was willing to put in the time and effort. Every god tried to pass the job down to someone of rank lower than himself. Consequently, the job went to the lowest ranking god present, Gossipaecus, god of telephone poles.

So the other gods went home to their secluded mansions on Mt. Olympus. Determined to get a promotion for this, Gossipaecus went home to his little duplex. He called the head technician from the factory, and they went into Gossipaecus's study. Three weeks later, not having eaten or slept, they emerged and began working. It was hard work, even with the magic telephone pole trucks.

The sheer number of poles that had to be planted was appalling. Four hard years of work later, the job was done. Telephone wires and poles were spread across five continents, creating space for the birds to rest and highways for the quirrels. The poles were used in later years by humans to convey messages.

When Gossipaecus brought the finished project before Zeus and the board, the gods did not even remember a thing about it, and Zeus told Gossipaecus, "Go home and quit wasting my time." Some thanks!

MENDELEY

Jacques Khalip, 7B

Warmly lighted, day to night,
The sun cloaked upon this glorious knight
Who had travelled from shore to bend of bay
In search of his home in Death's shadow, Mendeley.

Old and rusted this knight of lore,
Who was retold in his time before.
And then his mighty rapier, which smoked of victory,
Now became a walking cane of pure misery.

His steed was a ghostly spectre of dark, fiery hate
That was so powerful that no one could sedate;
And unlike its master, it strongly abhorred venture
And would balk to prevent the knight's adventure.

And so the gallant knight, depressed and deprived,
Attempted labouriously and greatly strived
To try to find where his home lay,
Which was in Death's shadow, a place called Mendeley.

And upon the road came hobbling a hooded reaper,
Whose eyes were very much deeper
Than the rest of his twisted self
That smoted strongly of ill-health.

And he approached slowly the knight.
His cold countenance shining bright,
And said, "Come with me, pilgrim, to rest your head
in the beautiful land of the Dead!"

And the steed with powerfulness, threw up its back,
The whitened knight falling to the earch like a sack.
And the reaper and horse closed around him, and the
ground opened wide,
As the poor knight slithered in an attempt to hide.

"You will come with us," said the reaper, standing over
the horseman with might,
"Because you are weary, and have no power to fight."
The reaper then pulled off his cloak, his body
having an eerie depth,
And with malignance, pronounced himself as Death.

The earth moved, and the sky trembled as a gloom
clouded the ground;
And the knight, breathing hard, knew that he had
found
His beautiful home. In death's shadow is where it lay,
A strange, dark country--his home, Mendeley.

WAR OR PEACE

Kenneth Yau, 7B

I was in my backyard being fed,
While looking at my friend.
With a swift move of the enemy
My friend.....was dead.

I rose up with a scare,
Looking as pale as a cloud.
I tried to look once more at my friend,
But I.....did not dare.

I ran up to my mother,
Shouting a loud cry.
For that was not my friend,
But it was my brother.

My mother let out a cry of pain.
I tried to stop her from crying,
But once we went to see my brother,
His body was dipped in bloody rain.

CONFLICT

Lucas Evans, 7B

Young men and soldiers, forty to nineteen,
Marching through country they've never seen.
Guns for Bobby, Daniel, and Paul
Hard, canvas back-packs they'll have to haul.

United country, fighting for pride.
What type of feelings are they to hide?
Tsing, the peasant boy, has now been enslaved
All of those young lives we've saved.

Billy, the private, eyes of desire
Ready to pull the trigger, at first sign of fire.
Killing's a habit, not to be felt.
Unsuspecting people, ready for death to be dealt.

Young men and children in the year 2001,
Looking back in sorrow at the harm they've done.
Planet of devastation, dead; and wrought
All for the wordly pride that we sought.

THE SHATTERED HEART OF WAR

Eric So, 7B

So he went to fight the war
All strong and tall.
I did not know what he wished to score,
But I would wait until the day he would fall.

Days, months, years had passed
Guns and planes, fighting unceasing.
I wondered, had he fallen at last?
My thoughts were like a puzzle I was piecing.

The world was a spinning ball,
With thoughts and memories.
I was waiting for his call;
All I could think of was him and our memories.

At last it had come, a letter.
Its words formed a wall.
I wished it could be better,
But it had come, the day he did fall.

BALLAD OF BIRMINGHAM II

Mark Spence, 7B

After the explosion, the mother was looking for her son.
She even tried to say to herself, "What's done is done."
After she finished looking, she went back home in tears.
She was terrified, shaking, and afraid of her worst fears.

She started to read the paper and saw that her husband was dead.

She read on and found out that a policeman'd shot him in the head.
She was so depressed that she wanted to destroy the house;
But when she was compared to it, she looked like a mouse.

She didn't know what she was doing; she didn't have a clue.
But she quickly thought to herself there was one thing to do.
She got a gun out of her drawer and put it to her head.
She said only one thing: "Now I'm going to be dead."

She was lying on the floor, blood all over her face.
The phone rang many times; you could hear all over the place.
The house was dead with silence; you could even hear a mouse.
But no one would believe what'd happened in this house.

THE HIGH PRICE OF DEFEAT

Jeremy Taylor, 8A

The sun, in its resplendent might
Reveals to all, no land in sight.
Pictorial and serene is its frame,
Putting a ruthless world to shame.

Broken is this undying silence now
By a ship with dragon-bearing bow.
From its hull may be heard mumbles
Of the silent sea, which it now humbles.

As this ship advances, they are unaware
That they are now being watched with care.
On another horizon, a mighty fleet draws nigh.
Its flags, tokens of awe and majesty, fly high.

Nearby, the armada prepares to do battle:
Itself, a killer, its enemy, lowly cattle;
It will soon pounce upon its unknowing prey,
Disrupting the familiar serenity of the day.

The echoing sound of cannons can be heard
As petty soldiers fight without a word.
Soon will the one true victor be crowned,
Honouring his unequalled strength renowned.

The lone and now battered ship regresses
As the long and tiring battle progresses.
The armada has won its coveted prize.
It is a victory no less, but no surprise.

The pirates have dwindled to one.
The armada has its victory won.
Again is the sea calm and serene,
Back to its all-too familiar scene.

As adventurous sailors risk the waves
They hope for the amazing grace that saves.
The sea is admired for its fearful fatality;
That remains its legacy, its immortality.

The sun now lays itself down to sleep,
As the forgotten bodies of the dead creep
In the watery grave their fate has sealed.
A wound have they, never to be healed.

A SAILOR'S SONG

Hugh McGuire, 8A

The ship set sail on a Saturday night.
The crew prepared to put up a fight
For the men knew the weather was bad,
But none was ready for the storm they had.

The sea was calm for a night and a day
Before the storm, when the sky gave way.
The rain came down, and the wind went mad,
And none was ready for the storm they had.

They fought the storm with all their might.
They worked through day and into night.
They lost twenty men the first day; 'twas sad,
For none was ready for the storm they had.

Within six days the storm abated,
And the ship made way for where friends waited.
And for their lost mates the sailors were sad
Because none was ready for the storm they had.

HIS LOVE

Julian Wainwright, 8A

She bought him a rose to get his attention;
She bought him a sparrow and even a dove;
She bought him more flowers in hope of redemption;
But she could not seem to buy back his love.

She followed him to gardens and galleries;
She followed him on each street that he did move;
She followed him to parks and evening parties;
But she could not seem to draw back his love.

She gave him kisses and lavish affection;
She gave him kindness and even a hug;
She gave him her love without any deception;
But she could not seem to get back his love.

She offered him the sea, the earth and the sky;
She offered her heart and the heavens above;
She offered her all; but he only asked, "Why?"
Now she knew 'twas too late to win back his love.

Nick Brown, 8C

Its dark varnish gleams in the half-light. The gloomy fingerboard stretches from between the curlicued S-curves that lead into the soundbox and outwards along the neck. The chinpiece is of the same dark ebony as the fingerboard, its soft curves polished to silky smoothness. The dark piece that holds the silvery strings is also jet black. A single gold tuning screw rests on this piece, gleaming dully. The strings themselves, from the thick, darker G string, to the thin, silvery E, shine brighter. They flow up the fingerboard then curve down to wrap themselves around the main tuning keys, changing color as they go. The G turns red, the A melds into blue, and both the D and the E are gradually replaced by green. The darkly varnished wood that holds the inky black tuning keys curlicues round and round, each turn broadening as it spirals inward.

The violin is darkly beautiful as it lies in its emerald green velvet case. It has not been used, which you can tell from its unmarred fingerboard. Nor has it been neglected, for it has been dusted, and given a fresh coat of varnish. It lies in its case behind a dusty glass window, along with other violins, but it stands out like a white sheep among black. On the violin's otherwise unmarred surface lies a crude square of yellow paper that reads \$10,999. The violin begs you to pick it up, to play it, to free it from its loneliness, but the ugly square of paper keeps all hands away.

FRIDAY THEN SATURDAY....NOT MONDAY

Andrew Khalil, 8A

It was the middle of February, and it seemed as if half a month lasted a whole year. It was snowing and dark at 3:30 when I got out of school. It took me an hour to get home on a stuffy bus, where I got pushed and shoved in a crowd of people. I finally got home to find no one there to let me in. I went over to a neighbour's house, but their doorbell was out of order and my hands were too numb to knock. I waited an hour in the cold and snow, which was now falling so hard I wouldn't have been able to see my hands in front of me if they hadn't already fallen off from the cold. Finally my mom pulled up into the driveway. We went inside and my mom asked, "Why couldn't you get in? I thought I'd left the key in the mailbox as usual."

On no, the key! I'd forgotten about the key.

The next day I got up while it was still dark outside. I looked at my watch, and it read 6:00 a.m. I decided to sleep until seven instead of getting to the washroom before my sister, which seemed impossible. I slowly dozed off to a deep sleep.

When I woke up again, it was sunny and my room was filled with light. I looked at my watch: 7:45! I had fifteen minutes to get changed, eat breakfast, go to the washroom, catch the bus, and get to school. I got dressed, went to the washroom, but skipped breakfast. As I was putting on my shoes, I wondered why no one else was out of bed. I rushed out of the house, figuring my sister had no school and my parents wanted to sleep in. The door slammed shut and I ran down the street. Suddenly I heard my named called: "Andrew!" I looked back to see my mom at the door. I screamed out, "I'm late for school Mom!"

She answered, "But it's Saturday!"

A CHILD'S LIBERTY

Julian Wainwright, 8A

"Eat your brussels sprouts, son."

"Clean up your room, dear."

"Practice the piano."

These are some of the best-liked phrases of the well known fascist organization called "parents."

For centuries they have been dictating the lives of their innocent children. For years they have been setting curfews, forcing children to eat unknown substances, reprimanding children with whips and chains, and sending them to bed without any jello. It is high-time that it stopped! It is time that we escaped from the grasp of this totalitarian rule.

I put down my pen and looked at what I had just written.

"Mrs. Clark will just love this composition," I said sarcastically, and I dejectedly threw it into the waste-bin.

Then I realized the freedom that I would have if I did escape from my parents' rule, and was able to live a free, liberated life: eating foods that I could relate to, having no curfew, and being able to live my life the way I wanted. Of course, I'd have to pay my own taxes and take charge of my responsibilities, but at least I'd be free from my dictating parents.

The more I pondered the situation, the more involved I became, until I worked myself into a frenzy and was prepared to undertake the task right away. I gathered up my courage and went downstairs for my supper. This would be the first step to freedom. All I'd have to do was stand my ground and refuse to eat my vegetables. I'd be assured my liberty, if I just stood tall.

I sat down at the table just stared at my place.

"Eat up, son," said my dad.

"No," I said bluntly and straightforwardly.

"WHAT?!" shouted my dad.

"I....uh....said ya."

As I dejectedly swallowed some meatloaf, I thought "Someday, someday."

NUCLEAR POWER

Chris Boyer

In the age we are in now, nuclear power is a practical energy source. Fossil fuels like coal and gas will eventually dwindle away. We will then be left with tidal power, wind power, geological power, and nuclear power. Tidal and wind power are the safest but don't give off a sufficient amount of power. Geological power is unstable because it requires a place with an active volcano. We are then left with nuclear power. Still we have problems with it, for example, the disasters that occurred at Three Mile Island and Chernobyl.

Europe has faith in nuclear power. France has the biggest reactor in the world called Superphenix which is located near the Swiss border. Yet Europe has its problems also. At Superphenix leaks in the reactor have been detected. Two thousand drums of nuclear waste which were tested as low level nuclear waste were found to contain high levels of plutonium.

In January the British government released the information that a nuclear plant in northwest England had a near catastrophic accident thirty years ago in 1957! These and other reasons caused Sweden to decide to go nuclear free by the year 2010. Italy, which is in the process of building a nuclear plant, is now going to change it to a gas-fired plant. It has also instituted a five year moratorium which forbids any new construction of a nuclear faculty. Yet France supplies 70% of its energy needs with nuclear power, with Belgium close behind at 60%, while the United States uses 17% for energy.

The U.S.S.R. is not without its problems also. Reactor five at Chernobyl two years ago exploded, killing thirty-one people. Now in the process of building a plant near the Black Sea, Russia has a problem: people in the area have signed a petition to stop the construction of the plant on which The U.S.S.R. has already spent forty-one million U.S. dollars.

We seem to come to the conclusion that nuclear power will be a future source of energy. But for now, we haven't perfected it, which has sparked a fear of it and a controversy about its usefulness.

FREEDOM TO ALL?

Jeremy Taylor, 8A

"Freedom to the children!" they argue vehemently. But do they know of what they speak? By allowing children complete and total liberty, with exception to the law, they are exposing young people who are void of any experience whatsoever to the harsh cruelties of our world.

The lawmakers of our land have wisely incorporated a system in which a child is not held responsible for his acts with regard to the law until a certain age, be it fourteen or eighteen years of age. This is simply a measure to protect children from their own irresponsibility. If we allow children the same freedoms and liberties as adults, we must treat both children and adults as equals; thus a need to abolish this law arises. The consequences evolving from such an act would be unacceptable even if its purpose were to liberate the children. Children who are yet unaware of the cruelties and dangers they would face in the world would be found exposed to them before they are ready. Children lack a basic principle which is crucial if they are to survive in such a society as ours, namely responsibility. I ask those who support children's liberation. If children do not learn restraint and responsibility when their minds are young and impressionable as well as protected, when will they?

One much heralded liberty allowed to adults and not to children is that of the right to purchase and consume alcohol publicly. It is often true that children have role models which they try to imitate. I ask you, If a child sees his idol consuming alcohol, what will the child do if he is permitted? He will enshrine his idol by following in the footsteps of his Superman or sports star. The consumption of alcohol does considerably more damage to a young and feeble child than to a sturdy adult. Another thing which will persuade the child to do a thing is his innate curiosity. If a child views someone doing something enjoyable or sees something interesting, he will either attempt to copy the person or test the substance in question. What kind of society is ours that lets its children, its future, become victims of chemical dependency as a result of their own supposed liberation?

Another issue is raised when the liberation of children is discussed. This issue is that of the right to hold a job. If one permits a child to do something, he will do so even if he does not particularly desire to do so, his curiosity as well as peer pressure persuading him. If this is done, employers will take advantage of children as a result of their relative inexperience. A society which will stand and watch children victimized by their employers is not a humane society, as it suggests by allowing liberation to children. A child who is doing backbreaking work instead of getting an education in preparation for greater things to come is clearly a victim of his own liberation. And there will be many such victims.

Freedom is a great and powerful thing which should be equally distributed to the entire population. But its abuse does cause problems, as I have demonstrated in the above essay. If a desire is not present at a particular time, freedom will stimulate an individual and create such a desire. Though I firmly believe that people should have the right to choose, those who are incapable of choosing wisely should be guided by having that freedom removed. A society which will permit the manipulation and suffering of an integral part of itself is truly no society at all. Society must serve all the people to the best of its ability. Allowing children too much liberty blurs the line between adults and children. But there are fundamental differences in both the physical and mental capabilities of the two which should be recognized. The giving of total liberty to children comes to no good. Freedom and liberty will come at the appropriate time, and with it, wisdom and responsibility.

MON CHIEN, WILLIE

CHARLES MATOUK 8 A

J'ai un chien que j'aime beaucoup. Son nom est Willie. Il joue avec moi après l'école car nous sommes de bons amis. Mais, il y a une chose que je n'aime pas à propos de mon Willie: il est trop petit. En jouant, je dois toujours faire attention de ne pas l'écraser. Un jour, j'ai décidé de l'amener chez le vétérinaire. Je lui ai demandé s'il pouvait me donner quelque chose pour faire grandir mon petit chien. Après l'avoir examiné, le vétérinaire m'a dit qu'il n'y avait rien à faire. Tout triste, je suis reparti avec mon chien. En chemin, j'ai rencontré un charlatan qui vendait des potions magiques. Une des potions était pour faire grandir les chiens. J'étais très surpris! Dans ma joie, j'ai succombé à la tentation et j'ai acheté cette potion fantastique.

Le premier jour, j'ai donné une petite cuillère de la potion à mon petit Willie: aucun effet. Le deuxième jour, je lui en ai donné une cuillère un peu plus grande: encore sans effet. J'étais frustré. C'était impossible de faire grandir mon petit chien. Impatient, je lui ai donné toute la bouteille, puis je suis allé me coucher.

Le matin suivant, je me suis fait réveiller par une patte sur mon visage. Mais pas la patte de mon petit Willie. Mon Willie était devenu un grand William. J'étais tellement surpris que j'ai crié de joie!... J'ai commencé à jouer avec mon

nouveau William, mais c'était assez difficile. Soudain, j'ai réalisé que William devait aller à la toilette. Je l'ai pris par les oreilles pour l'amener dehors. Dans le jardin, il l'a fait. C'était comme un torrent qui inondait toutes les fleurs et toutes les plantes. Je devais vite faire quelque chose!

A ce moment, je me suis souvenu du vieillard qui m'avait vendu la potion. En laissant mon chien dans la rue (ce qui a causé beaucoup de confusion), j'ai couru chercher l'homme qui pouvait sauver la situation. Je me suis rendu chez le vétérinaire pour essayer de retrouver le chemin que j'avais pris pour rencontrer le charlatan. Ca m'a pris une demi-heure, mais heureusement, je l'ai retrouvé. Il m'a regardé puis il m'a remis une potion pour faire rapetisser mon chien. Je l'ai remercié et comme je me retournais pour commencer à courir, l'homme m'a attrapé par le bras. Il m'a regardé puis il m'a dit: "Ca, c'est une leçon pour toi. Tu dois être satisfait avec ce que tu as. Cette fois, ton chien va retrouver sa taille normale, mais la prochaine fois..." "

SMUDGE

PATRICK LEJTENYI 8

Il était une fois un dragon qui s'appelait Smudge. Smudge était très féroce et très méchant. Pour son plaisir, il lui arrivait de dévorer quatre vaches et de rôtir le fermier... Juste pour son plaisir... Quand il avait faim, il mangeait toutes les vaches, tous les cochons, le fermier, ses quatre fils... S'il s' était un peu drogué avec du bon hashish, il cuisait la femme de la maison et les poules. Mais, s'il était fâché, holà! Il attaquait un village, brûlait toutes les maisons y compris les personnes, mangeait tout le bétail et détruisait toutes les boutiques. C'est là où notre histoire commence...

Smudge avait un sale caractère. Comme il avait un peu trop rôti la fille d'un fermier, il avait décidé de se venger sur le village de Chickchuck. En volant très haut, il avait trouvé le village sans problème. Il s'était abattu comme une boule de canon sur le village damné: plus vite et encore plus vite!... A cinq cents pieds au-dessus du village, il avait ouvert sa gueule et POOOSH!!! Une boule de feu s'était échappée de sa bouche pour atteindre le toit d'une maison qui a rapidement brûlé jusqu'à ses fondations. Le village était en panique. Des villageois couraient dans la rue, juste à temps pour être cuits par une boule de feu. De jeunes garçons qui cherchaient leur mère étaient réduits en cendres. Smudge s'est mis à rire. Il était satisfait. Il est descendu dans le village et a commencé sa bouffe.

Dans le palais royal, les membres du Sénat ont décidé de détruire Smudge une fois pour toutes. Ils ont décidé d'appeler un spécialiste, Qurf, le tueur de dragons. Qurf a exigé deux milles pièces en or mais, comme c'était moins que ne leur coûtaient les attaques du dragon, ils l'ont engagé.

Qurf est monté sur son cheval et, armé de sa lance magique, s'est mis sur la piste de Smudge. Ce n'était pas un travail très difficile: il n'avait qu'à se diriger vers l'endroit d'où venait la fumée noire... Qurf a trouvé Smudge complètement rassasié dans le milieu de ce qui restait de Chickchuck. "Meurs, sale monstre!" s'écria Qurf en courant vers Smudge. Smudge, trop plein pour bouger, ne pouvait rien faire. La lance perça son estomac et avec un "Ugf", Smudge a été tué. "Triomphe!" s'écria Qurf, "le monstre est mort!" Qurf n'a pas eu le temps de célébrer: trois secondes plus tard, le corps de Smudge s'écrasait sur lui. "EEP" a dit Qurf alors que Smudge l'applatissait avec un "WHAM"! terrifiant.

Au palais, le Sénat était très content. Il ne devait pas donner les deux milles pièces en or à Qurf et Smudge était mort. Pour eux, c'était parfait.

FIN

CONFESSIONS OF A TEENAGE WRITER

J.S. Trzcienski, 9C

The film projector was set up on my desk, of all the places. Swell; you give adults power, and they think they rule. Just 'cause my desk, my desk, is in the back middle of the room, it's voted most useful of the day, and the projector gets set up on it. "This will be fine," Miss Birks--that's my teacher--had said to Susy Vulcan (or 'Hulkin, something like that) as she motioned to my writing platform. Well, this Vulcan lady set up her bloody gadget as she explained to class 10A that she was here to show us a film about teens and rebellion (or mistrust, maybe; she couldn't have been more vague), and it was at that point when I tinkered with the idea that maybe I should use English class to catch up on lost sleep. Alas, the lights went out and an upside-down 3, 2 and right-side up 1 flashed by on the makeshift screen, and the title I saw hooked me.

CASE STUDY 1 (actually, it kinda reminded me of an Aqua-Fresh commercial.)

"Two adults, the parents of Lisa Ann Janowitz, return home from the opera one night." (The booming voice of the narrator reminded me of the opening of the old "Dragnet" shows). "Upon opening the door, Mr. Janowitz whispers, 'Sweet Jesus,' and dazedly stumbles into his living room, a room apparently vandalized by burglars. Then Mr. Janowitz sees the empty beer bottles and pornographic magazines strewn about and realizes that there is more to the situation than there appears to be. ("Wise 'ol coot, that Mr. Janowitz. PORNOGRAPHIC MAGAZINES, my god . . .)." He immediately calls for his daughter, and when he receives no answer, he rushes to her room, where he finds her sleeping happily on the floor, a bottle of rum under her arm. Later she will awake, where upon questioning will reveal that she had held a wild party in her parents' absence, breaking the bond of trust that had grown between them over the years."

I was breathless. Luckily I had not long to wait before the next masterpiece of cinematography, for sure enough . . .

CASE STUDY 2

"Shirley Kaminski was a good girl, who achieved no less than B+ in all of her scholarly efforts. One night, her parents leave her home alone as they depart for their monthly PTA meeting. No less than ten minutes later, her doorbell rings. Much to her delight, it's her friend Cathy Sue, who had brought along a Monopoly game, a six-pack, and Tommy Polizianni. As you may well imagine, a raucous get-together ensues, with four more of Tommy's friends coming over, and three more of Shirley's. By 10:00, a total of fifteen teens are partying in the Kaminskis' house, with floorboards creaking, and furniture breaking. Young Billy Kaminski awakes from his slumber, and as he groggily goes down the stairs to see what's going on, he slips on a Monopoly die, and falls to the ground, and fractures his shin. The Kaminskis meet their daughter at the Children's

Hospital, where they break down and cry over Shirley's irresponsible behaviour.

I yawned. Poor Kaminskis. I wondered how somebody could slip on a die. I figured that that might have been comic relief. Jeez, these school films get more hilarious every year; then again, maybe it's just me. In any event, several more of these zappers followed that of the Kaminskis, leaving me to ponder if this film was cleverly disguised as a "message" movie, or if class 10A was shown it because we had all been such good students over the past week. I also wondered about where the announcer learned some of those neat words but was unable to complete that train of thought because the lights were turned back on.

"Well, I hope you enjoyed the presentation, and now I'd like you to write just a few words about what you think parents should do when their teens betray a trust," the Vulcan lady said. Josh Harbinger--he's quite a riot--then replied, "Sure, Ms. Spock." It was bound to have been said at some point anyway, and I sighed. Various looks were made toward Josh, and giggles broke out around the classroom. Edna Booker, a stupid nerd who thinks she's gorgeous, turned to see Sue Vulcan, laughing in an adenoidal drone. I glared at her. She stuck her tongue out at me. Queen of the comebacks, that's what I'll call her. Deciding to get this fun lil' essay out of the way, I took out a sheet of paper from my binder and started writing:

"Suffice it to state that such incidents depicted in the film are common enough in America's youth, and that every weekend somewhere within our nation's boundaries, yet another such example of unruly conduct will occur within the walls of the typical American household, leaving the sources of the said delinquents with the impossible task of finding the right punishment for their son or daughter. I, as an example of such youth, can only begin to imagine what castigation would be fitting for the teens who break the bond of trust that has taken years to develop between them and their conceivers. Indeed, to put myself in the shoes of parents is hard, but if I were, I could do no more than ground my son or daughter sans allowance for one month. Whether that be right or wrong, I do not know; however, this may well be the same thought which parents have when they find themselves in the same situation."

There. Pretty nifty, I thought. Somewhat wordy in places, but to be a writer, I guess we all have to be, at one point or the other. I looked up to see Sue Vulcan open her mouth to say something, but the bell rang. Miss Birks yelled thanks and apologies over the rush of students vacating their seats. I got up quietly and placed my essay on the teacher's desk. Then, smiling knowingly, I headed off for Math.

NEXT, PLEASE

Andrew Weitzman, 9A

Daniel Humperdink, an assistant-manager of a minor department in a small ministry in Ottawa (the Government Bureau of Clipboards) was a small, rotund man. He has the Compleat Bureaucrat--such a stickler for procedure, so wasteful of paper, so condescending in manner that he drove many who met him professionally to suicide, contemplation of justifiable homicide, or both. Fortunately for him, most of his contacts knew him personally and had the same affect on outsiders as he did.

Now that we have a portrait of our worthy (?) protagonist, it is time to get on with the story. Well, it all started a few weeks back, just as the government had finished its semi-annual budgeting cuts, a time of great tension for the chiefs of the departments of the GBC. Daniel was warming his seat quite nicely, thank you, when the head of staff sent a woman down to him, who proved to be thoroughly stubborn, and who hailed from the Audit Agency. She said that using his expense account to supplement his credit card was a flagrant abuse of government funds. Daniel frowned. This was going to be harder than he had thought. Still he had discovered a grandfather clause to clear up any mishap of this kind. Unfortunately, this agent wouldn't let go. He would have to employ drastic, and professionally dangerous tactics.

First he called his hand. "Madam," he said in his best placate-the-spirits voice, "I have thoroughly researched this matter and have come to the conclusion that specifically excludes the possibility that I have engaged in any wrongdoing." The agent remained unmoved. Obviously, this was only his first move, just a diversion to rally his forces. He continued. "Section B of the GBC Act of 1980 states that, in order for the GBC worker to complete his activities, he may withdraw a small amount from his expense account to supplement personal resources, at any time."

The agent smiled frostily, and retorted, "But that act was cancelled in 1981. I should know, since the Audit Agency influenced that decision."

Daniel's face assumed an expression of consternation, but inside he began to chuckle. He said, "Ah, you acknowledge the existence of the GBC Act. Well then, you know the regulatory clause in AA procedure that states that this act still applies if a GBC employee has joined before 1980 and has a good conduct record. Of course," he added, almost as an afterthought, "I joined in 1978, and my record is spotless."

Her face froze, then reddened, as she realized that her accusation was technically inapplicable to him. Her jaw set, she got up and began to stride out of the room. He said, in an insulting manner, "Next please," which caused the agent to walk even faster. Daniel distinctly heard a molar break. He privately grinned. Now no one could touch anybody who did the same thing as he, as a precedent had been established. Precedents, in bureaucracy, are very hard to counter, once made. He had done a great service for his ministry.

In the midst of his wallowing in self-congratulation, he caught sight of the clock. Anticipation filled his system. Lunch! He got up quickly and waddled down to the cafeteria. A long line had already formed, but he quickly jumped to the head of the line, as his rank of assistant-manager had a few privileges. The people in line looked on in sullen envy as he lighted a cigar, chose his meal, and handed his Visa card to the cashier as payment. The cashier entered his card's serial number into her console as a routine check. A small sense of elation spread through him as he saw his handiwork put into operation. Therefore, he was quite unprepared when the cashier mumbled, "Sir, this card isn't valid."

Shock spread through his system. After an eon or two, his numbed senses gave way to panic, and he plunged forward so quickly that his vertebrae had to resettlement in several novel positions. Ignoring the pain, he stared at the words on the screen: CARD ACCOUNT OVERDRAWN. PLEASE TERMINATE CARD IMMEDIATELY. This was impossible! The agent couldn't have overturned an established clause, founded a board of inquiry, and communicated its findings to the Visa company within fifteen minutes. AA agents were rumoured to be fast, but not that fast. His breathing calmed. "Just a mistake, my dear, just--" he assured her, before he noticed the scissors in her hand. Before he could react, she had neatly cut, spindled, and mutilated the card into so many useless shards of plastic. A furious and rather unprintable remark came to his lips, but he turned on his heel; left his tray on the counter, and stomped out, ignoring the amused smirks of the crowd in line. The cashier, unwittingly adding insult to injury said, "Next, please."

Halfway down the corridor, pain from his back led him to seek the doctor's office. As he lay on his front and the doctor was performing Chinese Water Torture on his spine, he ruminated on his predicament. The card company must have made a mistake. It was just a coincidence, no more. He would just go down there and clear all this up. Good thing that he could obtain sick leave, as he hadn't abused that privilege for three months. Soon the ordeal ended. The doctor's loving ministrations over, Daniel went back to the desk with a warning to be careful. Three hours (and several back spasms) later, he walked to his car and set off for the Visa Headquarters of Ottawa.

The ride was short, and soon he was standing in front of the glass monstrosity that was Visa HQ. Starting with the receptionist, he skillfully maneuvered himself up the corporate ladder until he was sitting comfortably in an upholstered chair while the chief of the Ottawa division babbled airily on the weather. Daniel sat forward and said, "Sir, happy as I am to be here, I have come for a less pleasant reason: some lowly, unworthy employee of yours has made the mistake of wrongfully invalidating my card."

The chief looked dutifully concerned and tapped out something on his computer terminal. The terminal digested the facts, poured over data, and beeped back a response. It was, in the words of the chief, "There is no mistake. Your card has been overdrawn a substantial amount, and our attitude here is to teach a good lesson to abusers."

Daniel went white and protested faintly, "But I have used my government expense account to pay--"

The chief smiled sunnily and said, "That explains it. Our attitude here in our big family of Visa Corp., is to refuse any supplementation from government funds, as it is heavily taxed. Your account, as government derived, qualified in this category."

The fat bureaucrat, with a speed that belied his condition, sprang at the chief and started to choke him. After a few seconds of initial surprise, the chief pressed a button on his desk that summoned two security guards. The guards, on arrival, immediately pinned Daniel to the ground and manhandled him out of the office. Behind him, Daniel heard the chief say into his intercom, "Next complaint, please."

Daniel was unceremoniously thrown out the door. After trembling a few minutes in a white rage, he stumbled to a bench and put his head in his hands. Upon a review of his actions, he felt quite embarrassed. He should have checked up on the regulations of the company instead of making a complete fool of himself. Well, there was always cash, he thought. Unfashionable, but it will serve until I can fix this mess. He spied a branch of the bank he patronized and got into line. The long wait seemed to take hours, and it was with relief he presented his bankbook and withdrawal slip to the clerk. The relief was replaced by stunned déjà-vu when the clerk said, "Your withdrawal isn't valid, sir."

When the universe stopped spinning, he gasped, "No. I deposited my paycheck yesterday. There is no possible way--"

The clerk continued, "Invalidation is due to the automatic withdrawal made by Visa Corp., when an overdraft occurred. As the amount incurred by said overdraft exceeded your ability to pay, your tangible assets here have been seized. Have a nice day. Next please."

Daniel put on a brave front. His chin held high, with nary a tremor in his step, he walked out of the bank proudly. Out of sight of the bank, however, his calm evaporated. He beat his hands on the ground, screamed imprecations at the gods, fates, and various other entities, and did a passable imitation of a Mexican doing a hatdance on hot coals. In his car, he roared off in defiance of the speed limit and was lucky enough not to cause three accidents simultaneously. As his brain unscrambled, he reached one, unavoidable conclusion: he must go to the AA for help. With a heavy heart, he put the pedal down to the bedrock and raced to the Audit Agency's building.

He entered the building after a hair-raising ride through town. He saw the receptionist and was ushered into the presence of Aurora Davidson. As his eyes rested on the official, his heart stopped. It was the same agent whom he had insulted earlier. Frozen to the spot, unable to run, he managed to squeak out, "H-hello. Can you, uh, help me?"

Aurora leveled a gaze at him that was calculated to freeze blood. It succeeded. "Daniel Humperdink," she said, savoring the moment for an instant, "I've been expecting you. You shouldn't have been so smart back then. I knew about your little abuses way before the audit and would have ignored you for bigger fish had you not insulted me. But you did, and my full wrath fell on you. I am quite thorough, you see, and have totally ruined your life. Now you are financially paralyzed, and any assistance this agency may grant you must be channeled through me. I will let you stew for four months before letting even a penny slip through my fingers. Any money that you do get will barely keep you afloat. Goodbye, Mr. Humperdink. Oh yes, thank you for alerting me to that clause. I'm sure that I can now mop up that disgusting little remnant of the GBC Act."

As Daniel trudged off in despair, Aurora fired a final parting shot at him: "Next, please!"

ONCE A YEAR

James Boxer, 9A

The property was called "Hemlock" because of its great stand of hemlock trees which reached for the sky. The first man to settle on the land was Harcourt Malone. He and his wife Ann fell in love with the lot the instant they laid eyes on it. They purchased the land and built a very small log cabin as their home.

The four acres of green space was located in the Laurentians. Looking north, you could see the lake. Looking south, you could see a narrow path curving through a dense green forest. There was about half an acre of farming land and a water well situated about fifty yards south of the cabin. The little bit of farm land and the water from the well enabled the Malones to live fairly comfortably.

The only time they ran into trouble was in the winter. Since temperatures of the cold season were so low, Harcourt had no other choice but to cut down one enormous hemlock a year. All winter he spent his afternoons chopping wood for the stove. This gave him great pleasure. For him, there was nothing like chopping a cord of wood and then going inside for a hot cup of tea.

My father admired Mr. Malone a lot. He spent afternoons at the cabin talking with Harcourt during his late years. My dad was always intrigued by Mr. Malone's historical adventures. My father never tired of Mr. Malone's hunting stories.

When Harcourt's wife died, my father began to see Mr. Malone every day to keep him company. Harcourt was a very brave old man. He knew that his life was soon going to end, yet didn't act frightened at all. When Mr. Malone was ninety-one, he could no longer maintain the property.

My father did everything he could to lengthen his stay at the lake. Harcourt retired to an old folks' home up in Ste. Agathe. Harcourt Malone, having left the land to my dad, died two weeks after his absence from the lake.

Today, we live on the land. My family has built a new home to live in, but the cabin still remains standing. The well is still there, but on the farming land stands our new home.

Not long after we'd moved into our new home, something very strange happened. It occurred one night in the late fall. A little bit of snow was already on the ground. As I lay in bed on my side looking out the window, I heard a very peculiar noise. It sounded like someone chopping wood. I thought that it might have been a floorboard stretching or simply my mind playing tricks on me. I heard it again. The second time was even scarier because it proved that the sound wasn't my imagination.

I listened a little while more, then got dressed and made my way downstairs. At this point I was very frightened. I got outside, finding it very dark. I felt like a stranger of the night with all the night time animals staring at me with their bright eyes. Occasionally I heard a racoon in the woods. I continued walking toward the old log cabin very slowly.

Before I could see anything, the noise stopped. I didn't want to get any closer. I listened for a while longer to make sure it wasn't simply a lengthy interval between noises. It was not, so I returned to bed. I knew that I would never be able to fall asleep.

The next morning I woke up at about ten o'clock. I had forgotten about the noise and my frightful investigation. It did not hit me for a while; but when it did, I thought that it might have been a dream. I wasn't sure.

After breakfast I went outside to the place from which I had heard the noise coming. Everything seemed ordinary except for one thing: there was a freshly cut stack of hemlock logs beside the cabin. An axe lay beside the pile. I realized that winter had arrived. The ghost of Harcourt Malone was getting prepared for the cold season ahead.

Every winter since, he has chopped logs at night time during the winter. When I can't fall asleep at night, I listen to Harcourt hack at each piece of hemlock. According to specialists, Harcourt's admiration for the land was so strong that it allowed his spirit to remain on "Hemlock."

A THOUGHT FOR THE EIGHTIES

Philip Quaid, 9C

We are the computer generation,
 We are now.
 These days, two minutes and
 Dinner is ready.
 Shuttles frequently venture into space
 Smooth and steady.

But beneath our technological bliss,
 There is a deep and dreadful abyss,
 Into which many fall:
 Business tycoons, students, sanitary workers--
 ALL.

Who is smiling at the bottom of this pit?
 'Tis none other than the devil of understanding.
 We can ace our SAT's, tune into 128 channels, sell
 Stock.
 But can we talk?
 Can we listen?

"I can't help with the dishes, Mom.
 I've got my term paper to write."
 "I can't make your hockey game, Son.
 I've got to close this important contract."
 The big lie: "You understand, don't you? Next time!"

We wonder why skinheads roam our streets.
 We wonder why businessmen are often drug and alcohol
 abusers.
 We wonder, but
 Do we care?.

OBSESSED

Karl Schwarz, 9A

Although many years have elapsed since the day in which my tormented and sick mind became the master of my actions, I can vividly relive every single moment, and I can clearly see every little detail of that traumatic decision.

I was fourteen years old, the eldest son of a family of four. My father was a bright, self-disciplined, outspoken engineer, who held a very high position in an important American firm. My mother, intelligent and wise, had dropped her career as an accountant to dedicate herself fully to motherhood. There was a difference of six years between my brother and myself. During those years previous to his birth, I was the only child. I did not have to share their love or attention with anybody else. Then Jimmy was born. Since the first day, my parents treated him as somebody special. I knew that my mother had wanted a second child for many years. She had really fulfilled her wishes. Jimmy grew up surrounded by excessive love and indulgence. Now I have realized that I resented tremendously my parents' behaviour towards my brother. Their attitude had made us grow apart from one another. Just to avoid a punishment, Jimmy started accusing me of doing things that he had done. I still do not know how my dejected personality underwent such a drastic, eerie change, but it was on the evening of June 25, 1954, that I was transformed into a murderer.

Our parents had left to attend a garden party just across the lake. Jimmy and I had been left alone at home. Having nothing to do and being tired of my nagging brother, I decided to catch a breath of fresh air outside on the boat. As I reached the dock, I heard the annoying, quick, little footsteps of my tattletale brother. He demanded that I take him with me or he would tell "daddy" that I had been nasty with him. Suddenly, I became possessed by the lowest and most degrading impulse a human being can ever feel. I said to myself, "This is the last time that he's going to push me around!" A time bomb seemed to be ticking away in my body as I rowed into the depths of the lake. As my pace decreased, Jimmy began getting impatient and ordered me to row faster. Pushed by an uncontrollable rage, I extended my arms, and Jimmy fell into the deep waters with a surprisingly low splash. He started begging me to give him a life jacket. Obviously he was panicking as he swallowed more and more water. I did not want to be a witness to my own wrong doing. so I rowed another ten feet away from him. His hollers had now turned into screams of agony, and it was not until he went under that I finally threw him the life jacket. Then it was too late.

I sat there paralyzed with my eyes fixed on the spot where Jimmy had disappeared. What evil force had held me back from jumping into the lake and saving Jimmy from drowning? I guess I will never find an answer that will satisfy my anguish.

I stayed in the boat for an indefinite amount of time, lost in my own nightmare. The noises of an engine brought me back to reality. As I turned around, I saw my father approaching in the family motorboat. Immediately he asked me where Jimmy was. It was the first time, but indeed not the last, that I had to answer the same question.

My forehead was covered by drops of perspiration, my mouth was dry, and I felt as if I was unable to control the movements of my body. A few seconds went by before I was able to utter those three words that would drastically change my life: "Jimmy is dead."

My father's face whitened, he looked with eyes of disbelief, refusing to accept the cruel reality. I remember that my father, almost insane, rushed back home and got in touch with the police. A search party was sent almost immediately. The silence of the night was broken by motorboats that were looking hectically for Jimmy. It did not take them long to find the inanimate body of my brother. A loud siren emitted a piercing sound. It was the way to announce that they had discovered the corpse. The image of my brother's lifeless body being carried by one of the divers will forever remain in my memory as a souvenir of my ordeal.

During that endless night, I had to make a supreme effort to control my emotions. I felt lonely and frightened. Flashes of Jimmy's anguished look kept coming back. How could I have done it? How could I have been so cold and cruel towards my younger brother? I would have given my life just to be able to erase the last twelve hours of my existence. I wished that night would never end. I could escape from reality in its shadows. As soon as I saw the first rays of light announcing the break of a new day, panic invaded my whole being.

The following morning, I was taken to the police station, where I had to give a detailed account of the events of the previous evening.

I knew this was a routine procedure, since I was the only witness to what appeared to be a fatal accident. During the whole interrogation I was shaky, and every question seemed like an accusation. I felt weak and incapable of coping with the situation. I had to unload my guilt by confessing.

Any ties that I had with my parents became non-existent when the truth of the events came to light. I was rejected by my parents and looked upon as a social outcast by the rest of society.

I spent a few years in a home for trouble teenagers, where I was rehabilitated and helped by psychiatrists and social workers. After they had overcome the initial shock of the event, my parents, too, looked for help. Their inconsistent visits to me became more regular. I could sense that it was easier for my mother to forgive me than it was for my father. Her tenderness and love gave me the strength necessary to keep on living. I still cherish those moments even though they did not last for long. Unfortunately, I was never able to go back home and enjoy their company.

But I still deserved to be punished. The year after my brother's death, both my parents died in a car accident. This time I found myself alone. I had nobody to help me out of my sorrow and pain. It took me a long time to overcome my depression and be once more a normal human being.

Now, in the heart of Africa, I have discovered that I can still be a part of a family, and that there are people who need my help. The day I left my foster home, I decided that I would become a missionary. I had a goal in my life: to help others in times of misery and suffering. I will never forgive myself for the crime I have committed. My punishment is to have to bear the hounding of these memories.

CONFLICTS

Sammy Sirdeshpande, 9A

"What! Christ, why're you packing me off to some god-forsaken military academy, Dad?"

"Don't you ever raise your voice to me again, you hear? You need the discipline, and from what happened Friday, I can see you sure as hell aren't getting here."

"But, I was acquitted by Headmaster Brice. Even he admitted there wasn't any substantial evidence. Why am I getting punished here?"

"Acquitted?! Acquitted?! What kind of a word is that? The fact that you were in a position where you needed to be 'acquitted' is reason enough to send you to military school! As long as you live under my roof, you're living by my laws, not Headmaster Brice's, and my laws state that you're going to the Academy. Case closed!"

"Well, maybe it's high time I left this totalitarian society!"

"Where do you think you're going? You haven't finished your supper yet. Get back here! Oh hell, where did I go wrong?"

Flinging his duffel bag open onto his bed, Brian was once again confronted with the cause of his troubles. The small plastic container filled with the nondescript white powder known as dope stared inconspicuously at him, evoking waves of memory and thought. "Why? Why in god's name was I trying the stuff anyway? Useless junk anyhow. Just made me sick. And then, for some reason, I got turned in. But the funny thing is they never found it. Prospective lawyer that I am, I hid it, then convinced Brice I never had it. Circumstantial evidence in any case, unsubstantial in mine. Couldn't convince my dad though We used to be so close, and now it's all changed. Funny, how you never convince the one who counts, the one who knows you. Debater that I am, I could talk myself out of anything. Bullshit my way through hell if I needed to. But not my dad, oh no. He could always see through me. We used to laugh about that, but now it's backfired. Past weekend he's been treating me like some crook, and now the military school.

In the midst of this pool of self-pity, a thought suddenly occurred to Brian: Why not try some more of the dope, except enough this time for him to feel it? The safe haven of oblivion which the dope offered seemed more and more enticing to him, as he prepared to snort it through his nostrils. After filling his system with the drug, which initiated what felt like a series of explosions, Brian experienced, for the first time in his short adolescent existence, a high.

Dropping to his knees, Brian felt himself filled with a dark tingling sensation as his eyes fell upon the Colt .44 magnum sitting forbodingly in its custom-made case, hidden underneath Brian's bed. Feelings of fear and excitement poured through his body all at once--and then they were gone. All that remained was a deep undercurrent of safety. The gun offered salvation, from the military school, drugs, his deteriorating relationship with his dad--all his problems solved . . . by pulling the trigger. And to his drugged mind there seemed no better an alternative. As he released the safety catch and placed the gun to his head, his dad suddenly walked in, and quite inexplicably Brian shot him.

Noise of the gunshot alerted the neighbours of trouble, and they called the police. A squad car was dispatched to the house only to find a dead man, with a bullet through his head, and Brian out cold with the incriminating weapon beside him. After things had been sorted out at headquarters and Brian had recovered from his dosage of dope and regained complete control, he found himself alone in a cell in juvenile hall. After putting together the pieces of his shattered memory, Brian realized what he had done. And then he cried, for his dad, for himself, and for the fact that he was still alive while his father was dead.

That night a public defender came to see Brian. Surprisingly, it was not about the murder; it was his father's will. "Phillip Michael Thomas has bequeathed you a substantial amount of money. Under the terms of the will, you are to collect immediately, in spite of the suspicious circumstances of his death. Owing to the fact that your trial is two days from now, I advise you to hire the best lawyer possible. It is your best course of possible action. Thank you, and good day."

"Wait. Come back" The cell door clanged shut with authority. I could sense bitterness in his tone of voice. I can't say I blame him. "Phillip Michael Thomas;" it didn't sound like my dad, yet it was. I never considered my dad as a person with a proper name. I guess ever since Mom died he took on a bigger role in my life. He was an entity, everpresent, never changing, until the fateful dope incident. It all boiled down to that in the end.

The next morning Brian did in fact contact a lawyer. Not just any lawyer, but Gabe Vincent. Brian had always dreamed of being a lawyer, and Gabe Vincent was his idol. The best lawyer in the City of Chicago, Gabe had never lost a case; and now he was to do the same for Brian. As he walked into Brian's cell exuding confidence, Brian could sense the air of success and talent that surrounded him. "Come over to the warden's office. He kindly offered it to me, to discuss your case." His influence was already becoming apparent.

As we sat down, I examined him closely. There was a certain mystique about him which was common with every winner. His manner emanated from the fact that he was the best at what he did. While all the signals pointed in the right direction, I could sense there was something wrong about him. He seemed somehow incomplete. "I'm ready for a challenge, and you're it," stated Gabe very matter-of-factly. And with that began our meeting. It lasted two hours, through lunch, and left me feeling confident, excited, and satisfied that I had learned something from the best. Yet, for some reason, I couldn't shake this feeling of emptiness which remained with me throughout the day.

The next day was my first in court. I was prepared mentally, thanks to the session with Mr. Vincent the day before. The judge, a solemn old man in his late fifties, seemed a little too strict and disapproving for my tastes, yet Gabe was not in the least intimidated. He raised many legal loopholes and fancy points, yet to my great consternation, so did the prosecutor. It was with mixed emotions that I greeted the one hour recess for lunch. On the one hand, I had confidence in Gabe; and on the other, I was worried that the prosecutor was also presenting a quality case.

During the second half of the day's session, I became more of an observer, a fan if you will, than an involved party. I felt as if it wasn't my trial, as if the proceedings did not involve me in any way, when in fact my future was at stake. The day's session ended on a highly successful note. Gabe was brilliant. He invoked a state bylaw which unequivocally freed me from blame--though, for some reason a feeling of emptiness still persisted.

That night, lying on my cot, contemplating the day's events, I realized I was going to win! That trial wasn't an exhibition, as I had regarded it during the second half of the day's proceedings; it was my trial, for the murder of my father. What a sickening thought: I was on trial for killing my own father..., and I was going to win. I was going to become exempt from punishment for killing my father. And then as this observation brought the remains of my life crumbling down to dust, I finally understood.

The feeling of mysterious emptiness which had swept through me earlier, and the sensation that there was something missing in my idol Gabe Vincent all became crystal clear to me now. I couldn't cope with the notion that I had murdered my father and that through some slight of hand, some legal trickery, would escape unpunished. I wasn't strong enough to mete out my own punishment: I needed the punishment of the law; and without this, only emptiness and guilt lay ahead. I needed to pay my dues to the law if I was ever going to get on with my life. I had to pay for my mistake.

In that way my father won. He had punished me for the dope incident by attempting to send me to military school. I had refused his punishment and in the end had killed him. Yet I wasn't able to refuse my punishment this time by allowing Gabe to get me off the hook. Guilt and depth of feeling overcame me. I confessed to murder the next day in court. Jail would be my military academy.

GARDENS OF STONE

David James, 9C

The twisted roots of some unholy tree
Burrow deep into this cracked stone tile
They grasp and gnarl, aching to be free
Of the guilt they impart. The taste of bile

Rises in the throat when one recalls days past
Of bodies strewn rampant in chaotic haste.
Behind a precious few who disliked their caste,
The masses followed, an ecstasy of waste.

Rousseau and Voltaire never gave thought
To the consequence of violent upheaval;
A war of guns as a result of words is not
Any way to change the system, however evil.

Look about you now at the gore and bones
That lie safely interred in GARDENS OF STONE.

GREAT ARTISTS LIVE FOREVER

David Pechter, 9C

In newsrooms all over the world, telexes clicked out the same story. A small French-based terrorist group had brought most of Europe to its knees. In capitals all over the world, leaders had rushed meetings to come up with an answer to the crisis that was facing them.

Ten days after her christening, the Italian super-tanker, Acorazado, was cruising through the Mediterranean on her way to The Hague, fully loaded, when she was captured by a force of ten men brandishing automatic weapons and carrying grenades. The tanker had stopped and was anchored fifty miles off the coast of France. . . .

Jean-François was fiddling with the radio. It had been damaged in the small firefight that had followed the storming of the ship. The crew of fifty had been easily subdued, and the taking of the ship had been perfect--with one exception: the first mate had been stupid enough to pull a gun on his captors, and for that he had paid the price.

A light flickered on the radio, and he gave a sigh of relief as the speaker let out a burst of static and then became silent. He turned a small dial and spoke into the microphone. "I want to speak to the person in charge!" Obviously the French government had prepared for this kind of situation; they had a negotiator on the line within thirty seconds. The leader of the operation, Marc Lesarge, a big, heavily-built man, walked through the door, and Jean-François handed him the microphone.

He said gruffly, "You listen, and listen well. We have many hostages, and we are prepared to kill them if necessary. Also we have the potential to turn the Acorazado into the biggest fireball ever seen. I want to speak to the curator of the Galerie du Jeu de Paumes this time tomorrow, on board this ship. Any funny business, and you'll find twenty tons of crude along with a corpse floating in French national waters." He hung up the phone, leaving the negotiator on the other end of the line, stammering.

The next day, five men dressed in black, carrying Uzi automatic weapons, awaited the arrival of the Coast Guard dinghy that brought the curator to the ship. The small man climbed up the rope ladder to the deck where he was frisked by one of the men. "He's clean," he said and led him to the crew's quarters, where Mr. Lesarge was waiting for him. "Leave us!" barked Lesarge to the guard. The metal door clanged shut as the man left.

"Bonjour, Mr. Wasmier. I am here to discuss my demands with you."

"But why me? I am only a museum curator."

"Precisely. Read my demands and you will understand."

Lesarge picked up a piece of paper from his desk and handed it to the small bald museum curator sitting across the table from him. Wasmier's eyes opened wider and wider as he looked through the list of priceless Van Goghs on the page of demands. Some were not even on display. Whoever had written this must be an expert on Van Gogh.

"But, sir," stammered Wasmier, "the time and expense of packing"

Lesarge interrupted him saying, "No problem. We have already made crates to the exact sizes of the paintings. And don't forget: if the instructions on the sheet are not obeyed to the letter, you know what will hit the fan. Goodbye, Mr. Wasmier. My men will escort you out."

The next day the entire force of ten men stood near the landing of the ship and watched as a Coast Guard powerboat cruised towards them. It slowed, then stopped. The men raised their weapons, and Lesarge yelled, "Bring the paintings onto the deck!"

The men obeyed, handling the priceless works of art with care.

"Put them down there," directed Lesarge, pointing towards a pile of crates.

The men obeyed, and then left. His men watched as the powerboat motored away from them. Instead of continuing on the way, however, the powerboat turned around and headed, full-throttle, towards the ship. "Big mistake," Lesarge thought to himself as he picked the rocket launcher up from the ground. "Big mistake." He brought the launcher up to his shoulder and then with a grin pulled the trigger. The launch went up in flames.

They loaded the paintings into the specially fitted crates, and that night they took off in the escape raft. From that day forth, nothing has been heard of the case. Although there has been much publicity, Lesarge and all of his men and all of the priceless paintings seem to have disappeared into thin air.

It was a warm day--unseasonably warm for late February--in a small, unpretentious villa, hidden away in the foothills outside Arles in the South of France. A gloved hand gently reached into a specially fitted crate and lovingly removed a canvas. In a nervous tic, the hand went up to scratch the left ear, which was not there

FRENCH HAIRSTYLIST GETS 5 YEARS IN PRISON

Matt Cohen, 9C

PARIS. The Revlon Company of France expressed a sigh of relief yesterday when the famed French hairstylist, Jacques Gildet, was sentenced to a five year prison term in the Courcheval Prison for Corrupt Coiffeurs. During the trial, Revlon, a company which holds a great influence in the fashion world, swore in testimony that Gildet's reintroduction of the infamous "beehive" hairdo was contrary to all good taste.

The president of Revlon France, Mr. Pierre Pevlon, was disgusted with Mr. Gildet's actions, and claimed that his sole intention was to put Revlon out of business: "Ve arr chocked at misieu Jildet's behavior. Ve arr hopful ze vill put heem awe!"

Gildet's lawyer, Mr. Thomas Jefferson, however, bitterly accused Revlon of slander: "Revlon has, in the past, attempted to ruin the reputations of other artists who try to invent, or reintroduce innovative hair designs by making public claims such as this, where they say that the new design is an attack on good taste. It seems evident, however, that Revlon just wants to corner every aspect of the beauty market!"

Although Jefferson pleaded his case based on a violation of human rights, the judge still favoured Revlon, and sentenced Gildet to five years in prison. Outside sources still believe, however, that Mr. Pevlon may have bribed the judge; information concerning that matter is insufficient.

Back in the U.S., Flo, the pioneer of the "beehive" from the former hit television show Alice, was outraged with Revlon, and made a public promise to never use their mud packs again: "They can just kiss my Grits!"

MY FRIEND

Kevin O'Brien 10B

I can't believe he did that to me. That was so evil. I hate him. Why did he take me to that party? He is so fake. I can't believe I trusted him. I've never been so ridiculed in my whole life.

As we walk into the party, Jack is greeted by a group of girls and some guys talking a strange tongue, saying expressions such as, "Glad you could make it, dude" and "Good to see you, man. Wild party." Slowly the crowd circles Jack, leaving me alone in the doorway, standing indifferently, feeling cold and secluded. My thoughts are broken as I overhear someone ask my friend, "Who is the geek you came in with?"

I was relieved to hear Jack snap at him, "Shut up. He's a really nice guy . . . from Toronto. He's just not used to this kind of party. I'm telling you, after tonight, man, he's going to be glad he moved to Montreal." The greeting party finally splits up and gives us room to enter the house.

"Who were those guys?" I ask.

"Never mind," my friend says. "You'll meet them later. Let's go get a beer."

"Sure," I say, chuckling to myself. I am sure he is joking. Honestly, I think to myself, who drinks beer when they're sixteen years old?

As we enter the kitchen, I realize he is not joking at all. The whole kitchen is full of beer cases. I feel sick, and I want to go home. I am not having a bad time, but I know peer-pressure is going to take its toll. I don't want a beer, but, sure enough, I take one anyway.

As Jack goes off to talk to some friends, I simply stand against the wall and smile whenever people walk by; but they always look the other way and ignore me. It seems like hours I am just standing there. I don't want to drink, and furthermore, I don't want to be at this party. My friend has practically deserted me. Every time I see him, he has a different girl under his arm. Seeing him with all his friends makes me feel very alienated.

I finally decide the time is right to make my big move: to go strike up a conversation with someone. I walk into the next room, where the music is playing. I slip by two guys arguing about their rival schools, Selwyn House and L.C.C., and sit down beside a girl who is also alone. She is very attractive. As she turns around, she notices that I am looking at her, and she says a very plain, "Hi," and turns back the other way.

I raise an indifferent smile as I squeeze out a quiet, "Hi." After a brief pause of thinking what to say, I come up with, "Great party, isn't it?" I don't know why I say this because I'm not having a good time at all.

"What are you talking about?" she says in a rather serious voice. "It's terrible." I can't remember ever feeling more like an idiot. Luckily the girl turns and looks the other way again, so I have a chance to walk away before turning red from embarrassment. I now really want to leave. I feel more uncomfortable than ever.

The song that is playing ends, and I overhear a guy saying to Jack, "You don't really like that guy from Toronto, do you? He's such a dead-beat.

Did you see him strike out with that dame? That was a laugh."

"Yeah, I know. He's kind of a loser," my friend says. "I hope you don't think I actually like him. I just brought him because I feel sorry for him." They both laugh a somewhat forced laugh. My throat constricts, and my eyes widen out of anger as the next song starts to play. I leave the room in an unnoticed hurry and throw my full beer to the floor.

My friend then comes around the corner, not noticing my rage. "There you are," he says as if he has been looking for me all over, I don't say anything. I just smile. I can't believe myself. Why did I smile? I've never been so angry with anyone in my life. "Hey, we gotta go," he says looking at his watch. "It's almost 12:30.

We leave after Jack, with his superiority complex previously unknown to me, has kissed almost every girl in the place goodbye.

As we walk down the street, my friend stays under the trees, on the sidewalk, for shelter from the rain that is pouring down. I simply walk down the middle of the cold wet road, not letting the rain bother me. We part at the corner. "See you later," Jack calls. "I'll call you tomorrow."

"Great," I say. "Bye." I don't know why I say that. My friend is so fake. I can't believe he talked about me behind my back. I hate him.

A REAL FRIEND

Greg Raikes, 10B

"Who cares if she's your next door neighbour and you've known her all your life? She's a nobody," Simon said. "How can you expect to be cool if you are seen with her? She's the laughing stalk of our school."

"All I was doing was asking her what we have for homework. I'm sorry."

I had always felt that I was better off lying to Simon than telling him the truth. I couldn't tell him that I hadn't only been asking her what we had for homework. We had talked about many other things as well. Let me tell you a little bit about Simon.

Simon was the head of our "group" of friends. Everyone looked up to him because he was very popular and very athletic. A real charmer

with the girls, as well. So, whenever he felt a certain way about something or someone, he didn't have to look far for supporters. Now, you have to understand Simon.

Judging by the way he talks, he does not appear to be friendly, but he is--or so I thought. The one time that he gets nasty is when talking about girls. If the girls don't have modelling potential or if they don't have large breasts, then he won't look at them. Margaret had neither.

It's not as if no other girl in the school was like Margaret, but Simon seemed to show a special hatred towards her. I think it's because one day she really embarrassed him by spreading a rumour that he sleeps with a teddy bear every night, thus momentarily destroying the macho attitude he built up. I'm still not sure of the reason Margaret did this, but I think that it was because she wanted to get back at him for the attitude he had taken towards girls of her kind. Margaret had never been one to take issues such as these lightly. Being a feminist she'd jump right on any insult directed towards a woman. In a way I respected her for that, but I avoided trying to respect her in front of my friends for fear of being considered an outcast.

It was the end of the day now, and I was eager to get home after my confrontation with Simon. I quickly went to my locker, got my coat and left school. I didn't have a long way to go, since my house was just a few blocks away, so I started to run. As I approached my house, I noticed that Margaret was outside of hers raking the leaves. I tried to get into my house before she saw me, but just as I was unlocking the door, she shouted, "Hi, Kenneth, what are you up to?" sounding almost tomboyish.

"Oh, not much," I replied, wishing that she would not ask anymore questions so I could run into my house without anyone seeing me in her presence. I really didn't mind talking to her, but I felt as if someone was watching me and would report it to Simon as soon as our conversation was over.

"Do you want to come over for a while and play cards or something?" she asked insistently.

"No . . . no thanks. I have a lot of work."

She was surprised by my sudden shortness with her and my unwillingness to have a conversation.

"What's wrong? Are you in trouble?" she demanded.

"No . . . no trouble. I just want to go inside. Is that all right with you?"

"Yes, sure. You don't have to get mad."

I quickly said goodbye and rushed into my house, leaving Margaret outside. When I got inside, I noticed that an envelope was lying on the desk that sits in the front hall. I picked it up and discovered that it was addressed to me. It was an invitation that had been dropped in the door.

Please come to Simon's birthday bash.
51 Levigne Boulevard
January 14 8:00 p.m.

A great feeling came over me. Simon wasn't mad anymore, and I was still friends with the boy who was the key to my social life. I began to make preparations in my mind. The party was next weekend! Almost as soon as I had finished reading the invitation, the phone rang.

"Hello."

"Hi, Kenneth. It's Margaret. Are you still mad? I'm sorry for whatever I did. Will you forgive me?"

"Yeah, sure. No problem." The anger that I'd felt before was gone, and I felt that everything could be forgiven."

"Your mood sure changed. What happened?" she asked.

"I got an invitation to Simon's birthday."

"You're kidding?" she replied. "I did as well."

As I heard these words, I felt my heart drop to the floor. Why had Simon invited Margaret when he detested her? Must be that he wanted to embarrass her publicly in front of everyone, but the thought of this never entered her mind. I certainly wasn't going to tell her.

"That's great," I replied, forcing a smile.

"Well, I'd better go. I'll see you later, Kenneth!"

As the night of the party drew nearer, I began to have second thoughts about whether I should go or not, but I finally decided that it would be better to go than miss the social event of the year. Finally the night of the party had arrived, and I put on my newly purchased clothes.

Turning the corner onto Levigne Boulevard, I began to feel the butterflies swirling around in my stomach. How would I treat Margaret? I couldn't ignore her. She should be deeply hurt if I did. On the other hand, I didn't want to talk to her in front of the guys. As I approached the door, I could hear the music and the people inside.

"Come in," Simon said. "I was scared that you wouldn't show up."

I noticed that Margaret was sitting in the corner of the room not saying anything.

Suddenly I felt Simon pulling me towards Margaret. "Tell her what you really think of her," he whispered in my ear. We were now standing in front of her. A crowd began to form. "Go on, Kenneth. Tell her that you hate her and that she is socially rejected, a low life, ugly and friendless."

I began to notice a few tears rolling down Margaret's face as Simon said these things.

"Do you think that, Kenneth?

"Actually," I said, "she has a hell of a lot more class than you, Simon. C'mon, Maggie. Let's go. These guy aren't real friends.

THE PLAYER

Richard Tang-Wai, 10B

The December morning was snowy and white, and the flakes fell quietly on the front lawn, carpeting the bare green patches. Through a window of a brown, wooden shack, was Albert, who looked at the scenery, his head resting between his hands and his mind drifting away from it all. It was so quiet. No one was outside, and there was no activity, save the passing cars. Albert sighed and slowly turned away from the window into the living room, where the fire's amber glow lighted the room. Albert suddenly stopped and remained motionless. "Wow," he said, "I've never really noticed that in my entire life." Albert lowered his head and then muttered, "I guess sentimentality and crap like that follow old age." There was a pause; then a chuckle came out, but was immediately silenced. He then continued shuffling his feet to his favourite "easy" chair, where he eased himself in one of its corners and rested his feet on an ottoman.

"Old age," he said in a strained voice, "what do I know about it? . . . Yesterday, I was Sir Albert McSween, master actor of Stratford! Now, my mansion, my fortunes, my wife . . . all gone . . . I have nothing! Nothing left! Only pieces of sentimental junk, collecting dust; I live in a wooden shack far away in the country . . . The only real thing I still have left is . . ." Albert looked down on the floor and began rubbing the head of a light, brown collie, "you."

The old man lifted himself from the chair and walked into the bedroom, the dog following him. At the doorway, he looked around the room and then remembered that the photo album was in the top drawer of the dresser. Quickly, he walked to it, taking long steps. He reached in the drawer and took out a long book, with a fading red cover, and held it against the ceiling light admiring its printed, gold title. Albert slowly moved towards the bed and set himself down. He opened the album and thumbed through the cracking yellow pages until he saw a small black and white photograph of a younger Albert in a Medieval costume with his arm extended towards the audience.

"Rover," he said, "this was my best performance!" Albert's eyes widened, and his stare became obsessive, focussing on the face of the younger Albert. "I was Macbeth, and I played this role in front of the Queen of England herself!" Albert threw the photo album aside, and he stood up, extending his arm in the air.

Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more; it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing!

The audience's applause filled the theatre. Soon they began to stand, and the roar of the crowd shook the walls. Sir Albert bowed, facing the audience, and a woman, wearing a white dress and a tiara, made her way towards the actor. Sir Albert knelt in front of her, and then he lifted his head to greet the queen.

The image was destroyed, and Albert found himself kneeling in front of the television. He shook his head to get back to reality, and then he stood and walked back into the living room and sat in the "easy" chair. Tears began to stream down his cheeks, and there was a small frown on his face. The dog scuttled over to the "easy" chair and rested its head on its master's lap. A smile grew from the frown, and Albert hunched over to hug the dog. He then leaned back and began stroking the dog's head.

"It ended so quickly," thought the old man, "only twenty years as a world famous actor and star. Now, I'm old, unknown, washed up, . . . a nobody. What has happened to me?"

The spotlight shone on a servant, who was fitting a breastplate on Sir Albert. The queen was seated in the balcony, closest to the stage, overlooking the actions on the stage. Macbeth yelled at the servant and, in a rage, threw his armour on the floor. He walked on the proscenium and started yelling at the audience--the anger filling the stage. The audience looked on and listened to each of Macbeth's yelled words. The scene ended, and the stage was darkened. While the crews were setting the props for the next scene, Sir Albert rushed backstage, where a woman greeted him with a kiss.

"That was great, Al," whispered the woman.

"Thanks."

"What do you think the Queen is thinking?"

"I don't know, but I hope she likes the performance."

"Sir Albert, you're on in thirty seconds," said a voice.

"All right. I'm on my way!" Albert turned back towards the woman, "Just think," he said, "in two weeks, my dear Lady Macbeth, we'll be husband and wife." Albert kissed the woman and then headed towards the prompter.

The spotlights were turned on, and they focussed on Macbeth. A second player appeared on the stage, and another spotlight was turned on. The two actors approached each other, and a duel began--the victor being Macbeth. Once again, the stage was darkened, and Sir Albert went backstage and had a similar conversation to the one before; and again, he went back on the stage for the final scene.

When the play ended, all the actors walked on the stage, one by one, and were greeted by applause. Then, Lady Macbeth appeared, and the volume of the applause increased, drowning all the sound in the theatre. Finally, Sir Albert walked on stage, and he stood in the centre of the line of actors. Row by row, the audience began to rise from their seats, and cheers were yelled from the rear of the theatre. Albert stood motionless, his eyes trained on the crowd, watching the expressions on their faces. The clapping sound echoed in his ears, and a smile emanated from his face, and his eyes began to water. Then the queen came on the stage, preceded by a regiment of uniformed men, and stood in front of Sir Albert, who then knelt before her. Gently, she placed a gold medallion around his neck, and, with a slight motion of her hand, she signalled Sir Albert to stand. Another wave of applause flooded the theatre and . . . knightings do not take place in theatres.

Albert's eyes opened. He was back in the shack, sitting in the "easy" chair. His eyes widened as he looked around, trying to reorient himself. Then slowly, he rubbed his eyes and pushed himself away from the chair. "Rover," Albert said while looking at the dog, "I'm going to end it all pretty soon. You do not have to come if you don't want to." Albert turned away from the dog and trudged into the bathroom, where he took sleeping tablets from the medicine cabinet. He turned into the bedroom and eased himself between the sheets of the bed. Just then, the dog hobbled in the room, hopped on the bed, and rested its head on his master's chest. Albert smiled wryly. "Okay, ol' boy," he said, "here you go." Albert helped Rover to swallow twelve sleeping pills, and then he swallowed the remaining ones. The light of the room began to darken, and soon, all became black. A spotlight came on and thunderous applause filled the room and echoed in Sir Albert's mind forever.

ENGLISH POETRY ASSIGNMENT

Blake Ferger, 10C

Many poems and songs explore the idea of self-discovery, or attainment of wisdom, through adversity. The nature of adversity, however, as well as the nature of the self-discovery, changes from poem to poem. In John Berryman's "The Ball Poem," a little boy loses his favorite ball and learns that he will repeatedly lose people and things and thus must "stand up" each time and not let the loss destroy his life. The speaker, on the other hand, seems to learn, or relearn, that he should not interfere, but let the boy learn on his own. The speaker does, however, empathize, suffer, and sympathize with the boy. In "Let it Be," a popular song by The Beatles, a young person learns, from adversity and the advice of a close elder, not to worry about adversity but to "let it be," to be stoic. The nature of the adversity is unclear, but the song appears to suggest that it is the inability to accomplish anything worthwhile in life. Though one may question the value of this wisdom, the peace and harmony implied in the advice are worthwhile goals. Finally, in "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," by Robert Frost, a man driving a sleigh drawn by a single horse is tempted to stop and abandon himself to a forest, "lovely, dark and deep," but he realizes that he has duties to perform (presumably toward his family) and must move on. He learns, therefore, that he cannot falter in his duty. These poems are more complex, however, than a simple expression of self-discovery through adversity.

In "The Ball Poem," Berryman explores other feelings the boy and the speaker experience. The little boy apparently learns that he must be responsible for what he owns: "He senses first responsibility / In a world of possessions" (ll. 11-12). The speaker actually says, "He is learning, well behind his desperate eyes, / The epistemology of loss, how to stand up" (ll. 15-16, *italics mine*). He means the boy is learning what it means to lose things; "And gradually light returns to the street" (l. 19). It is ironic, on a literal level, for light to be returning as the day wears on; on a symbolic level the speaker means that happiness is returning, that good feelings are returning to the boy's mind. What about the speaker, though? He says,

Soon part of me will explore the deep and dark
Floor of the harbour . . . I am everywhere,
I suffer and move, my mind and my heart move
With all that move me, under the water
Or whistling, I am not a little boy. (ll. 21-25)

The speaker means that his soul, or inner feelings, will feel the trauma of loss again, and that he sympathizes with everyone who loses. However, he knows that loss is so common that one must "stand up" whether one is happy or sad, "whistling" or "under the water."

"Let it Be," on the other hand, possesses an almost religious quality; the references to "Mother Mary," "words of wisdom," "a chance that they the brokenhearted people will see/ There will be an answer," "a light that shines," and "music" all reinforce this religious quality. From the religious tone of the song, one can infer that the nature of the adversity the speaker and the "brokenhearted people" have undergone is simply failure to succeed in anything worthwhile in their lives. Instead of "brokenhearted," which implies a loss of romantic love, one could probably substitute "broken." One may infer this conclusion because people are often converted to religion when they have nothing left and want, at least, to save their souls.

The complexity of Frost's poem is partly revealed in the contrast between the literal and figurative meanings of his words. "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" contains very concrete visual language, such as woods, house, village, snow, horse, and farmhouse. Frost often appeals to other senses at the same time: frozen in "frozen lake" appeals to the sense of touch, and the shake of "harness bells" associates sound with sight. Frost's complex implied meaning contrasts with his simple concrete language. "The darkest evening of the year (l. 8) foreshadows the dark implications of the last stanza:

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Frost has been accused, because of the apparent death-wish of the speaker, of harboring suicidal thoughts. This accusation is, however, an overstatement; he seems rather to exhibit a desire for rest, a "sleep" before continuing his life's work. Although sleep is sometimes called "Death's counterfeit" (Shakespeare), and it may be logical to substitute the verb "die" for the verb "sleep" in Frost's poem, this substitution is not necessarily correct.¹ Everyone feels the need for a rest at one time or another, especially on a journey.

Self-discovery can often be accomplished through adversity, and perhaps the most celebrated case is that of Macbeth, who gradually realizes that he is worth nothing as his wheel of fortune begins its downward turn. Adversity need not destroy, however; for many people adversity strengthens rather than destroys. Alexander Solzhenitsyn, who spent eight years in labor camps and three in internal exile, was so transformed that he still says, sometimes to the astonishment of those about him, "Bless you, prison!"²

¹Some of the ideas about Frost, such as that of Shakespeare and that of "overstatement" come from Donald Hall, To Read Literature (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1981), pp. 386-392.

²Alexander Solzhenitsyn, The Gulag Archipelago, Vol. 2, Chapter 1, "The Ascent," p. 616.

THE GOD

Edward Garson, 10B

The God was about
to go to sleep
when he saw a human
walking along the floor;
The God took a piece
of Kleenex and squashed it:
then I was thrown
into the garbage.

LOVE KILLS

Dan Lallouz, 10B

She died in his arms,
Her blond hair swaying in the breeze,
Her arms and legs limply dangling,
Her eyes full of pain, but not anger.

The red of her blood was everywhere:
All over her arms and legs and body,
Covering the six-inch blade.
The room was a crimson hell.

The noises from the city were not heard;
The commotion downstairs went unnoticed.
The sirens blended in with the cries of his sobbing.
The rest of the world was now non-existent.

He slowly began to rock her,
Trying to put her into a peaceful sleep.
It wasn't too clear to him
If he had been the one.

Had it been he who had thrust the knife into her stomach?
Had he been the one who had let her hurt?
"Yes," he thought. He had let her hurt.

Down on his knees, he began to sob--
Not just because his lover was gone
Or all that had happened;
He cried about their promise to each other, which
he must now fulfill.

Now that she was gone,
He too must go.
This was true love.
Love kills.

ESCAPE

Earle Weigensberg, 10C

Now I'll just slide back to the G sharp and sustain it; man, does that sound good. I can do this all day for the rest of my life. There's something about playing my Fender guitar that just pops me back to life and keeps me sane in a world of insanity. Most nights when I get back from school and all the hustle of the outside world, I grab my guitar, take the phone off the hook, lock my door, and enter my own private world where nothing can intrude except the sharp sound of tightly strung strings. I suppose I really can't explain why playing appeals to me so much, but the one thing I know is that it's the only thing I can count on to escape. That's why it's so important; everyone has to escape sometimes. I emphasize that it's an escape, not a medicine, nor will it ever be. Playing guitar will never heal any of my outside problems, just let me escape from them. Nor, as in the case of Orwell's longing for spring, does it provide hope. The problems of the outside world, the seven o'clock news, must be faced head on, not avoided. I'd like to model my future on that principle, however hard it may be. In building towards that goal, playing my electric guitar will always be there to provide a well-deserved break.

LONELY AMONG US

Richard Tang Wai, 10B

He is a lone wolf,
Predator in his own world
Standing in an empty vault
With knowledge that spans
Power, Domination, he wills
Emptiness sets--only a shadow emerges

Cold, dark, sure
Reason that commands him
Prisoner of the self
That wall, web--his womb
Through the looking glass
He sees the other--
The image.

There's colour life
Turning away, turning back--the image remains
accusing me
Who are you? What are you?
Show me the way
A lighthouse steers ships
From mind dense fog.

Free my soul
Frozen, unable to reach out
No colour, no life

Revelation!
The colour fades--the image is gone
Look through once more, I see my image:
Myself

THE ATOMIC FIREBALL

Eric Dilda 11B

Young Franklin Jones travelled around the bend of a dusty road, which he had gone down countless times before, with renewed energy and a sense of liberation. At a distance he appeared to be like any other thirteen-year-old child returning from a day at school. He walked along with a bounce in his step, stopping occasionally to skip a stone across the tiny river which ran gently to his left. His flaming red hair seemed to blend in with the red earth of the countryside. His cheeks stuck out as he tossed an atomic fireball back and forth in his mouth. Upon closer examination, however, his numerous facial bruises and his fat lip became apparent. Despite this, he seemed to be floating on air instead of simply walking along the same road which had consistently brought a look of terror to his eyes so many times before. If anyone had passed by, which they seldom did along this desolate road, and seen the young man's sleeve colored red from wiping blood from his upper lip, they would surely have felt a deep sense of sorrow for him. Today, however, Franklin Jones was no one to feel sorry for; in fact, this could possibly be considered the happiest day of his life.

Franklin was not by any means a small child. Of course, one could certainly not consider him to be excessively large either. His face was dotted by freckles, and he bore a hickory-kid grin revealing the large gap between his two front teeth. He lived in a small farmhouse well beyond the outskirts of town with his aging parents. This, of course, was the same farmhouse in which he had been born.

His father, although a farmer all of his life and of limited education, was a man whom Franklin believed to be the wisest person he knew. When he sat by the fire on cold winter nights while his father recited from memory the lessons taught in the Quaker Bible, Franklin attentively listened to every word his father had uttered. Recently, however, Franklin's father had become ill and lost much of his previous enthusiasm for life. He now relied on his son to do the farm chores for him.

Franklin's mother was a simple woman who seldom spoke but always seemed to be busy with something. She often sat in her rocking chair making clothes for her son to wear to the school to which he was being sent. His mother, extremely proud of the good marks he was receiving, tried her best to urge him to keep up with his studies. Until recently, Mr. Jones scoffed at his son's booklearning and had made it clear that he would learn all he needed from the Bible on the farm. Upon becoming ill, however, he was grudgingly forced to allow his wife to take charge of the household. The first thing she did was to enroll Franklin in the local high school.

This act caused a great uproar in the household, with both Franklin and his father standing firmly against it. "How will the chores be finished without Frankie to help?" his father asked.

"I'll do them," the mother replied calmly, knowing that would bring about quite a discussion.

"A woman doing Frankie's chores? I'll hear none of this," retorted the father to no avail as the stout farmer's wife stood firm. After this incident, her position as head of the household was never again placed in question.

Fortunately for Franklin, this decision was rendered in early spring, and he had to wait until the fall before he could enroll. He spent the next few months frolicking about the woods with his blue tick hound, hunting wild game. He had found the pup stranded earlier that year and had taken him in as his own. He had grown into a fine animal whose glistening coat shone in the sun. When the time for school had come, the hound followed his master to school despite Franklin's objections each day. In these few months a great mutual love for each other had developed.

Living many miles from the nearest bus route, Franklin was forced to make a five-mile trek to the local high school in the town of Latrobe. All he had in his bag was his slate, a few books, and a nickel for a candy on the way home. Being from a small farm family and having very rarely frequented a town before, Franklin was a constant target for the city boys' bullying. Each day he ran home with his hound dog at a full sprint, yet almost every day someone appeared from behind one of the large sycamores along the roadside to steal his candy and work him over. A young boy named Joe was the worst of them all, and him Franklin feared the most.

For the first three weeks of school, Franklin never got to touch the candies he'd bought, while Joe, on the other hand, was beginning to put on weight. Franklin never told his parents what happened and decided that they would only be ashamed that he wasn't fitting in. Thus he continued to take the abuse without knowing what he could do to stop it. Being a quiet child who lived far away from other children, he had never handled a problem like this before.

Today, however, had been different. Joe had gone too far. After the seemingly endless insults he had delivered, he took the bag of candy as usual. The only difference this time was that he kicked Franklin's dog one time for good measure. Anger swelled up in Franklin's chest, and he charged into the back of the retreating Joe. Although Joe was quite a bit bigger than Franklin, he was stunned by this sudden attack. Franklin pressed his advantage and soon emerged from the dust the victor of this battle.

Franklin then walked off, knowing in his heart that he would no longer be bothered. His hound jumped about at his feet vivaciously wagging his tail. He took the atomic fireball out of the bag and tasted candy for the first time. The atomic fireball, he decided, would always be his favorite. With that thought in mind, he floated over the rest of the distance to his home.

Closing Ceremonies

Douglas Naudie, 11B

Almost twelve hundred spectators had gathered in the crowded auditorium of Berkely College on this humid evening late in July. Among these people sat two nervous students, who were impatiently awaiting the presentation of the coveted Becker Shield, the prize awarded to the senior who, by judgement of his Staff and classmates, had contributed most to School life and was most likely to succeed. For both Robert Shelby and Charles Jang, the obvious candidates, this was a prize for which they had worked long and hard. It was a prize which they both desired equally.

The auditorium was surprisingly large for the small student body of just over four hundred boys. Up at front, there was a semi-circular stage, upon which rested nearly two dozen chairs, and, in the center, an old wooden podium. The auditorium was well lit, and the two aisles which ran the length of the rows of pews were carpeted and, at the present moment, crammed with bodies looking for decent seats. The pews themselves, made of oak, were neatly varnished and had fastened to each of them was a small shelf upon which lay several programs and the students's prayer books. On the floor beneath the pews, rested a thin, padded piece of wood, upon which one was obviously to kneel and pray. The entire setting was formal and religious. The headmaster, who had been sitting quietly on the elevated stage with his staff and board of directors, approached the podium. He paused a moment to let the last of the people scramble for the few remaining seats. He was an elderly man in his late sixties, whom the students respected and admired. He had a long, severe face, light grey hair, and a tall figure with broad shoulders. His huge body typified his unduly strict and intolerant manner. As he cleared his throat sharply, the audience, almost out of fear, fell silent. Slowly, he began his opening address.

"Ladies, gentlemen, students, and honoured guests, Berkely College was founded in 1796, making it the fourth oldest school in the country. Its annual enrollment--"

The headmaster proceeded, but, for Robert Shelby, there were more important things on which to concentrate. Robert tried to listen, but he absorbed nothing; deep inside, he reflected on everything he had done, both good and bad, in his entire school experience. Little did he know that, but Charles Jang was doing the very same.

Charles and he were friends, but, by no means, great ones. Sure, they had been to parties together, worked on projects together, even roomed together for school outings. They had to be friends; they were similar in almost every aspect.

". . . the campus, consisting of three fields, an ice hockey rink, and three academic buildings," the headmaster pompously uttered, "encompasses nearly five acres." Ignorantly, Charles and Robert weighed their strengths and flaws.

Robert Shelby was a huge boy for seventeen. His stature was a sturdy six feet, although his excellent posture gave many the false impression that he was much taller than this. He also weighed an astounding two hundred pounds, most of which was solid muscle. He had bright green eyes and a blond crew cut. His face, noticeably tanned, was clear except for a distinguishing scar to the right of his upper lip. His teeth, which were, for the most part, engaged in his unique smile, sparkled whitely. Robert had a face and body for which girls lusted.

I'm better than that prick, Robert thought. I've worked hard for that award. I deserve it. Look at him: he's not gonna be successful; he's just not a leader.

Robert was right: Charles was by no means a leader; in fact, despite his many talents, he was not well liked. Charles Jang was a good three inches shorter than his adversary, but had a very solid frame. Of Vietnamese origin, he had dark skin and ebony hair. His thin eyes, encased behind a pair of oval spectacles, were dark and pensive. In all his undertakings, Charles appeared to have little common sense, but worked inconceivably long and hard. He was soft-spoken, tired, and unusually uptight. It appeared, in short, that he had very little fun. Charles' unyielding effort had paid off, however, for he was highly favored to win.

". . .' at Berkeley College. Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the thirtyninth annual prizegiving ceremonies," the Headmaster concluded.

Unconscious of the surrounding applause, Robert recalled an evening several weeks previous.

Outside, the violent hail storm had stopped. The rain now drizzled gently to the ground. Beneath a warm, heavy blanket, his girl friend, Tracy, and he, cuddled closely together, thoughtlessly reading the closing credits of their VHS film.

"Rob," she asked him quietly in response to the movie, "have you ever wanted something really badly and failed to get it?" He paused for a moment to consider.

"Sure. Remember Samantha Deering?" Robert told her. "I asked her out, but she turned me down for that younger guy. I wanted her."

"But did you ever want some sort of award to prove something to yourself?" she inquired. He had always been impressed with her intelligence.

"Honestly, ever since I came into this school, which was grade six, I've wanted to be student council president," he confessed. "When Jang got it, I was crushed. I've never felt so fake and ashamed in my entire life as when I congratulated him; at that moment, when he flashed that cocky smile of his, I really wanted to beat him up. He realized the seriousness of his confession. 'I've never been as frightened in my whole life. It was terrifying to watch my dream slip away.'"

Tracy held his hand affectionately, and, for a moment, the couple sat in silence.

"What hurt me the most," Robert continued, "was that I knew I was better than he. He was too obsessed with his work to get things done; I knew I could do better. As it turns out, I was right."

Tracy acknowledged the fact with a squeeze of his hand. Robert proceeded.

"I'm the best athlete in the school." Tracy smiled. "He's nothing special. I've been captain and M.V.P. of practically every team I've played on. He plays, but he's not outstanding. He tries hard, the coaches say." He has to, Robert thought. "Academically, he's at the top of the grade; I'm fifth. Shit, if he worked half as hard as I do on the playing field, he'd be so worn out he wouldn't be able to study. The whole situation really pisses me off."

"He does do a lot of extracurricular stuff, though, doesn't he?" she asked cautiously.

"Yeah, I suppose that's where he pulls ahead. My problem is I'm too bloody social. I keep telling myself that, in twenty years, I'll have experienced more life than he; I'll have had more fun. I've concentrated too much on having fun. The Staff doesn't like it. They like Charles; he does what he's told. I'm beginning to question that educationalist who said, 'School should be life itself, not a preparation for it.' Maybe, it shouldn't."

". . . I would now like to introduce our chairman of the board of directors, who will present the Becker Shield," the Headmaster rumbled on, "Mr. Dean Sathers." The large applause from the audience startled Robert. He turned to his side and flashed Tracy a smile for her support.

The chairman arose and approached the podium. He was a tiny man with a squeaky voice and thick glasses. He wore a blue suit and a loud red tie. From his breast pocket he withdrew several folded papers.

Robert quickly scanned the auditorium and, to his surprise, met the eyes of his adversary. The two contestants nodded their heads and acknowledged one another.

"In memory of the founder of Berkely College," the squeaky voice began, "I now have the pleasure of presenting the Becker Shield. The Becker Shield, the oldest and most prestigious of all the school's awards, is awarded to the Senior who -"

Robert's heart sped up, and his face began to feel hot. His palms were sweating, and his mind was oblivious of everything but the chairman. He nervously wiped his hands on his neatly pressed trousers. Once again, all of his achievements and failures flashed quickly before his eyes. Robert had never wanted anything as much as he wanted to be the winner. At this moment, he wished Charles Jang was dead.

"The winner of this year's Becker Shield," the little voice cracked, "is a student who has consistently undertaken a diligent and purposeful approach to school life. He is a respectable athlete," Robert's heart jumped, and he held his breath, "an excellent student, and student council president. He -"

The chairman spoke for a while more, but Robert scrutinized only the movement of his lips; he heard nothing. At that moment, Robert thought of violence. Then, he realized he had been selfishly holding on to a false dream. He gasped a huge sigh of relief and applauded loudly when, at last, the chairman revealed the winner.

"It is my pleasure to announce this year's winner, Charles Jang."

Charles approached the stage to receive his award. The applause around him was deafening. Finally, when the award was in his hands, the bright scarlet crept rapidly out of Robert's face, for he realized he had lost, and had accepted his defeat.

After the ceremonies, Robert approached Charles, and, despite the difficulty, shook Charles' hand.

"Congratulations, Charles," he spoke arrogantly. "You deserved it." Robert spoke these words with a newly found confidence. As he looked deep into Charles eyes, he sensed fear, and, in his own heart, victory.

It was the second time Robert had lost. He had suffered and learned. Next time, he would win.

The Eye

Peter Tolias, 11B

Chinatown! The symbol of a great and mysterious country. An array of thousands of multi-colored lights challenges the darkness of the night and are attached to the pyramidal building like Christmas bulbs to a tree. The laughing people flowed around me as I made my way towards the small, dimly lit shop ahead.

As I entered I heard the very gentle tinkling of suspended Chinese ornaments and soft, oriental music. The old man, who I presumed was the owner of the store, was seated at a chair behind a dusty old counter. He glanced up, eyed me curiously, and then continued his reading.

I walked carefully about the shop, making sure not to bump into what I considered utter junk so as not to end up paying for it. I glanced back at the old fellow. In back of him, I saw a brightly ornamented box that caught my eye.

I walked towards him and asked to see what was in the box. He did not reply and continued his reading. I posed the question again, the second time a little louder. The ancient person finally responded. Withered hands carefully took the box from within the glass case and carefully set it on the table. Intrigued, I went to open the box; however, he pushed my hands away. He slipped gloves onto his hands and then ever so carefully withdrew with box's contents.

He held in his hands a beautiful glass eye piece. Its deep blue iris held my attention, almost hypnotizing me. I gazed at it for quite some time, fascinated, unable to withdraw my eyes from it.

The old man then closed the box, bringing me out of my stupor. I asked him how much the piece would cost. He revealed to me that it was not for sale. I felt an empty, sinking feeling in my stomach; I had become obsessed with the idea of possessing it.

I made more offers to him. Each time he refused, I increased the offer. He was such a stubborn old goat; why wouldn't he give me the piece? I realized that no matter what I said he would not give it to me.

I felt a strange throbbing in my temple, and I knew that my face had turned red. Furiously, I pushed him aside and snatched the box. As I ran away from the store, I looked back to see the old man in the doorway. He had made no effort to try to apprehend me.

That evening, in my study, I opened the box and withdrew the glass eye. As I studied it, I noticed that it had changed color. Its iris was no longer the deep blue that had attracted me, but a dark and menacing black. Around the black were light shades of crimson. The overall effect was that of a piercing, condemning look.

I had seen this look before. The old man had looked at me with the same eyes when I had stolen the piece. It wasn't my fault. If he had just let me buy it, I wouldn't have had to take it. He was such a stupid old goat. I didn't feel guilty, not at all.

In the corner of the study there was a life-sized model of a skeleton that my father had brought home from the hospital; it was suspended on a stand. I walked over to it and placed the eye inside one of the sockets of the skull. I stepped back to see how it looked. I almost wished I hadn't put the eye there. It looked frightful.

I finally set myself down at the desk to do some work. After a few minutes, I could not help but get the strangest feeling that someone was watching me. I spun quickly in my chair to meet the ice cold stare of the one eyed skeleton. I didn't move for a few seconds; I couldn't. Hesitantly I walked towards the skeleton. I turned the eye in the socket towards where the nose should be.

Satisfied, I returned to my desk and glanced back to see what it looked like. I felt all the hairs on my body stiffen as the eye shifted in its socket to face me once again. A thousand explanations raced through

my mind as to why it turned to look at me. The eye must have been too small for the socket. It must have rolled back into its original position. That had to be the answer.

I hastened out of the room and for a few hours did not return. I lay down on the couch in the living room and thought about what I had done. I saw the old man's face over and over again - that condemning look. I couldn't stand it. He was the idiot who hadn't wanted to sell the piece. I didn't feel bad at all, not one bit. Good guys always finish last. Lots of my friends have stolen things. They didn't feel bad. We all laughed afterwards. It wasn't bad.

I returned to the study. I peeked through the crack of the partly opened door. This did not save me from its horrible look. I grew angry at myself. I was acting like a child. I grabbed the blasted thing and took it to the bathroom. I let it drop into the toilet bowl. As I flushed, I saw it swirl downwards, looking up at me the whole time, until it finally disappeared. I glanced at the mirror and saw dark lines under my own eyes. I didn't realize how tired I was.

I went to my room and got ready for bed. I slipped into my pyjamas and decided to brush my teeth before retiring. In the bathroom, just to reassure myself that the eyeball really was gone, I looked into the toilet. There it was.

"This isn't possible. I threw you into the toilet, and I saw you disappear, you stupid old goat. I've had enough."

I grabbed the eyeball and desperately threw on a coat and shoes. I left the house and took along with me the box the eye had come with. Through the night I made my way back to Chinatown. All the time that I was walking, I was telling myself that it was the right thing to do. I had to return the eye. If not, I'd probably go mad. I'd never realized how guilt could consume a person's thoughts.

The small shop was just ahead of me. Chinatown was dark at this time. The only light that I saw came from a neon dragon that blinked on and off. I approached the front door of the shop; it was open. I felt peculiarly strange. Why wouldn't the door have been locked?

I ignored these feelings, however, and slowly opened the door. A few candles glowed in each corner of the small room, providing inadequate lighting. The glass ornaments jingled as the wind from the open door shook them. I trembled with each footstep I took towards the glass case that remained open. Every instinct in my body was screaming, "Get out of here! Run away!" As I carefully reached over the table to place the box back in the glass case, a hand from underneath the table grabbed me.

I yelled, fighting and ripping to get away from the powerful grip that held me, knocking things over here and there. I finally gave up. Someone was holding my hands together behind my back. Out of the darkness ahead of me came the slunched figure of the old man. He wore a red mask, the kind one sees in one of those Chinese circuses.

I quickly started explaining to him how much I'd gone through with the eye and told him that I had come back to return it. I told him that the guilt was just too great. All this time he had stood silent until that moment where he removed the mask to reveal a grinning face. He walked all the way up to me; the space between my face and his so small that I could feel his breath. "So what are you going to do with me, call the police?" I asked in a trembling voice.

He caressed my face with his bony fingers; they had exceptionally long finger nails. I felt them circle my face and stop over my left eye.

The Sins of the Fathers"
Dishonesty in Miller's
Death of a Salesman

Justin Vineberg, 11B

Death of a Salesman is Arthur Miller's first successful play. Based in Brooklyn, New York, Willy Loman is an unsuccessful salesman and the father of Biff and Happy Loman. Willy who has devoted his whole life to being a travelling salesman, has finally reached a point in his career at which he is no longer effective. Through a series of brief, vivid flashbacks, Willy takes the reader back through the memorable parts of his sad and unsuccessful career, leading to his death. On the surface, Willy devotes his whole life to bringing up his sons properly; in fact, without realizing it he teaches them dishonesty.

Unknowingly, the untruthfulness that Willy conveys to his two offspring begins with his dishonesty with himself. In a couple of cases, it is clearly evident that Willy says something that he believes is true and then says something else that is completely contradictory to his previous statement. Willy boasts to Biff, for example, that, "I never have to wait in line to see a buyer. 'Willy Loman is here!' That's all they have to know, and I go right through" (p. 33). Shortly after, Willy confesses to Linda that "People don't seem to take to me. I don't know the reason for it, but they just pass me by. I'm not noticed" (p. 36). In another case, Willy furthers his self-deception by telling Ben that hundreds of people will flock to his funeral because, "I (Willy) am known" (p. 126). In the "Requiem", Miller tells the reader that only Willy's closest relatives show up at his funeral. Although Willy does not realize that he is lying to himself, he possesses a false sense of security, and it is this that he passes on to his sons.

The immortal saying, "Like father, like son" is quite relevant to Willy's relationship with his two sons. They all share the idea that anyone can "make it big." To succeed in life, both father and sons felt that they must ignore their faults. When the Loman brothers decide that they want to produce the Loman line of sporting goods in Florida, with Bill Oliver's financial support, they are dishonest with themselves by saying, "He (Oliver) did like me (Biff). Always like me" (p. 64). Linda contributes to the cause by agreeing: "He (Oliver) loved you" (p. 64).

Even Willy falsely said that "Bill Oliver . . . wants Biff very badly. He called him in from the West" (p. 92). All of this deceitful hype ends shamefully when Biff reports that Oliver "Didn't remember who I was or anything. I felt like such an idiot" (p. 104). This dejection is a result of the family's dishonesty with themselves, but it is not the only type of lying that Willy bred into his sons.

In many cases during the course of the play, it is clearly evident that Willy's big mistake is condoning and provoking his children to steal. The first such instance takes place when Biff reports to his father that he "borrowed it (a football) from the locker room" (p. 29). After realizing that Biff has stolen the ball, Willy replies, "Coach'll probably congratulate you on your initiative" (p. 30). In another predicament, Willy tells his boys to "go right over to where they're building the apartment house and get some sand" (p. 50). Charley adds that "if they steal . . . from that building the watchman'll put the cops on them" (p. 50). Ignorantly, once Willy discovers that a policeman is chasing Biff, he denies the whole incident and concludes that "(Biff) is not stealing anything" (p. 51). In a final episode, it is clearly visible that Willy encourages cheating, as he replies to Biff, "You mean to say Bernard wouldn't give you the answers (in an exam)?" (p. 118). Seemingly, these three quotations conclude that Willy is responsible for the apparent dishonesty of his two sons.

Willy's provocations of stealing were transmitted to his sons perfectly. During the play's ending, Biff tells his father that "(I) stole a suit in Kansas City and I was in jail (for three months)" (p. 131), and confesses that "(I) stole myself out of every good job since high school. And (I) never got anywhere because you blew me so full of hot air (I) could never stand taking orders from anybody! That's whose fault it is" (p. 131). In a second situation, Biff declares that when he was in Bill Oliver's office, "I don't know, I just--wanted to take something, I don't know" (p. 104). The above quotation demonstrates that even unconsciously, Willy's children are in the habit of being criminals, and furthermore, making excuses to forgive such unlawful and immoral actions. Happy deceptively reports to Willy that Biff "had it (the pen) in his hand and just then Oliver walked in, so he got nervous and stuck it in his pocket" (p. 111). This behaviour, although unacceptable, is unfortunately the way Willy brings his sons up to act.

Willy's sad and unsuccessful life can basically be summed up when Biff, at the funeral of his father, admits that "He (Willy) had the wrong dreams He never knew who he was" (p. 138). These dreams made his sons into failures, as they followed in the vain attempts and imperfections of their father. Biff also perceives that "we never told the truth for ten minutes in this (our) house You are practically full of it! We all are" (p. 131). Thus, it is evident and clear that the faults of Willy's children were actually caused by the man himself. Although Willy felt "(He) never in my life told him (one of his children) anything but decent things" (p. 41), these "decent things" were the wrong things because, ultimately, Willy's teachings and beliefs lead to his suicide and the mendacity of his two sons.

OVER DINNER

Matthew Stevenson, 11B

The steak was perfect. I loved cooking steak. With a deft flick of my wrist, the slab of meat flipped over and landed with a resounding hiss in the pan. I moved over to the counter and began slicing tomatoes. I winced at the thought of dismembering myself as the knife cut effortlessly through the vegetables. I heard the kitchen door open, so I turned around to see who it was. Jessika, my girlfriend walked in.

Every time I saw her I was amazed anew by her beauty. She was short, but well proportioned to offset any drawbacks her height might incur. Her appearance was a gift from her Eastern-European forebearers. She had a dusky skin which had a downy quality about it that most girls lose at about eighteen. Her eyes and hair were black, and her bones were so delicate they looked rather fragile. She rarely wore any make-up: she didn't need to.

She was angry. You could tell by the firm set of her mouth and the raging, almost sexual, fire in her eyes. The door was thrust open, and she stood in the entranceway, legs spaced apart and hands held on her hips in a most provocative manner.

"You son of a bitch!"

My mind raced to try to figure out what was wrong. It had to be something to do with Willis' party the night before. I guess she'd been brooding over it in bed.

"You lying, two-faced son of a bitch!"

"What's wrong with you?" I countered, trying to gain some time. "Nothing I could have done deserves this!"

"Oh yes it does. You told Matthew that you just keep me around as a 'conversation piece.' You scum, how could you? I thought you loved me."

All of a sudden she seemed on the brink of tears. Damn my big mouth. Damn Matthew's big mouth. The night before Jessika and I had gone to a New Year's Eve party. After doing the things required at such a party (the details of which I couldn't remember), we had crawled home together at about five o'clock in the morning. She had been so tired that she had only raised herself from bed a couple of hours before dinner.

Jessika and I had met at a party like this. We had been highly attracted to each other from the start; and after having consummated our relationship, we had become the model couple of our social circle. At this point in time, I didn't know quite what to do. I was very conscious of her beauty and of my attraction to her; it was a piece of knowledge that kept me sane when the going got tough, and I was very proud of the

fact that she loved me. I couldn't believe that even at the point of my greatest weakness, I could ever have referred to her as a conversation piece.

She walked slowly over to the kitchen table, pulled out a chair and sat down, or rather slumped down. I could see all the fight drain out of her as she looked wide-eyed into space in a rather pitiful way. I left the tomatoes where they were and walked over, determined to put an end to this.

"Honey," I said, putting my arm around her, "do you really believe I'd say a thing like that?"

"Yes!" she answered, shrugging off my arm. "You just think of me as a piece of meat that can be handled in any way you please, and then shown off when visitors come 'round. Well, I'm not! I'm leaving you. You're not worth this. I hate you! I hate you!" She looked at me in a challenging sort of way, her doe-like eyes, filling with tears, trying to burn holes through my body.

"Oh, c'mon Jess," I countered. "I'd never say a thing like that. Look at me. Matthew is jealous of us, and he just wants to break us up. Calm down, for Christ's sake, and tell me that's really wrong."

Her eyes suddenly stopped burning, but she didn't look any happier. Trying to hold back the tears that were building up, she lunged forward.

"I'm sick of being 'Andrew's girlfriend.' I don't want to be your lady love. I want to be Mrs. Miller, and I want to have lots of babies. Last night Matthew asked me to marry him. You'll never ask me to marry you."

With that, the upcoming flood finally burst forth. She slumped down further into her chair, emitting deep sobs, letting her emotions run free.

I walked to the back door and then into the yard. I looked up at the sky and the snowflakes floating lazily down and melting on the ground. The cold felt nice on my charged skin, but the wind refused to blow clean the abcess that had just opened up in my heart. I wanted to scream, yell, break things, run riot, but I refused to grant myself the pleasure. I took a deep breath of the chilling air, and felt the coldness flow down my throat and into my lungs. I made my decision. I turned on my heel and marched straight back into the kitchen where Jessika was abjectly fussing about what tears had done to her eyeliner. The first thing I noticed was the acrid smell of burnt meat. I looked over to the stove and saw smoke pouring from the frying pan. The steaks were ruined.

MY CONVICT TUTOR

Marc Vinh, 11B

I first saw "Swede" one May morning when I was eleven years old. Surrounded by guards, his arms cuffed before him, he climbed the entrance steps to the State Penitentiary where my father was warden. As I hurried

past him toward the school bus, our eyes met, and an uneasy expression crossed his face. Then, quickly, his icy mask returned. Curious, I watched until the huge steel gate clanged shut behind him. That was my first encounter with a man who was to have a lasting influence on my life.

Soon afterwards, my father assigned the new inmate to work in Administration, near the warden's office. This led to an argument between my dad and his assistant, I heard about years later.

"It's a mistake, warden," the deputy warden insisted. "Swede's big league. ABSOLUTELY MAXIMUM SECURITY!"

"I'm aware of his reputation," my father replied. "He's dangerous yet brilliant, not exactly the best combo I can trust. Something about him, however, intrigues me. I'm convinced that he's sincerely sorry, and I have strong feelings that a little trust right now might bring out the positive side of his nature."

In his late thirties, of average build, with messy blond hair, Marvin S. Neez was known to the police as well as to the underground as "Swede"--in recognition of his abilities rather than his size. As his fortune had prospered, he had become well known to the underworld. Although frequently a target of FBI and CIA agents, he had skillfully outmaneuvered them for many years. Then, at the pinnacle of power and influence, he had made the error that he would never forget.

In those trouble times, feuds between rival underworld gangs had often erupted into open war. Boldly, Swede had decided to eliminate the competition. In the predawn hours, one morning, Swede and his gang had broken into a warehouse and lit up several homemade firebombs. Unknown to Swede, three members of the night watchman's family had been asleep on the premises. Two had escaped, but the third had died in the fire. Swede had been severely burned, so he later testified, trying to rescue the victim. Although controversial, his testimony had saved him from the electric chair. He had been convicted of willful murder and arson and sentenced to life imprisonment.

After school, I often did my homework in the prison administration office and talked freely with the convicts working there. Except for Swede. Buried beneath piles of paperwork, he ignored me completely. As time passed without a word between us, I decided that he neither knew nor cared that I existed. Until one Saturday.

I was doing my homework on a calculator. Swede was in the room at the same time, working on some paperwork (that's all he ever did). Suddenly, he shifted his eyes to me and said, "Quit using that calculator to do Grade Six math. Now bring that book over here."

Quickly, I handed him the text. He motioned me to a chair near his desk. For the rest of that evening, I listened with fascination while he talked about the magic and the "short-cuts" of math; essentially his "tricks of the trade."

One of my problems from the textbook required finding sixty-five squared. Before I could answer, Swede blurted out the answer. "How did you manage to do that?" I inquired.

For the rest of the evening, Swede filled me in on how to square numbers correctly. Later that evening, he explained other shortcuts for squaring even larger numbers, and how mentally to reduce large numbers to smaller ones for ease in multiplication and division. For the first time ever, I sensed the excitement of math.

One evening my father came to my room. Gently, but probingly, he questioned me about Swede. I told him about my homework and showed him a test I had done in school that day--my first "A" in math. He studied the test a moment, then smiled and left the room without further questions.

And so, my sessions with Swede continued. Until I graduated from high school six years later, that prison office, with its barred windows, and Swede, was a classroom as real and challenging to me as any I have attended before or since.

One Friday night, as we worked, Swede was solemn. Many times he appeared about to say something, then changed his mind. I happened to mention that my family was going away the next day. At once, I sensed his relief.

The next afternoon, while we were away, three inmates attacked a guard, forced their way into the administration building, and seized weapons. Armed, they attempted to shoot their way out of the prison. The farthest they got was the front steps: two of them were shot and killed, and the third surrendered. Later that day, when we returned home and learned what had happened, I recalled Swede's strange behaviour the day before. I told my father. Swede was interrogated at once. Although he admitted hearing rumors of a breakout, he was cleared of any connection. He simply feared that I might be in the building when the break occurred.

My studies broadened as I progressed through high school. As my graduation approached, and with it the certainty that I would soon leave to join the Air Force, Swede subtly switched the emphasis of our talks. Academics gave way to advice. The do's and don'ts took on a sharper ring of truth, especially coming from one who had violated most of the don'ts. (I never asked anyone, including myself, why Swede was doing this. Was he sincere? Was he trying to get time off for good behaviour? Or was this all a front?)

I later received my call to the corps. The day before I was to leave, my father called me to his office. He handed me Swede's file. I'd seen it many times, but now there was an added attachment, a description of the person who had perished in the warehouse firebombing years before. I studied this document silently. The victim had been a five year old child. "Swede came to me years ago," my father said, asking permission to help you with your schoolwork. He felt that by doing that he might make up in some way for that kid's death. He paused for a long time. So did I.

That evening, exactly seven years from the day I first saw him, I went to say good-bye to Swede. We made small talk for a while. Then I held out my hand. He grasped it firmly in both of his. After a moment,

Swede smiled. Then, without a word, he released my hand and walked away down the long corridor toward his cellblock. He was later transferred on an old charge to another state and imprisoned anew. I never saw him again, nor did I ever hear from him. But, I did read about him, weeks later.

Assigned to a menial job in a prison garage, he escaped. Within hours he was listed on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted List and a national A.P.B. was issued, describing him as extremely dangerous.

That week something caught my attention. My hometown paper reported the completion of my studies and the debut of my Air Force career. But that wasn't it. 'It' was the headline on the second page: "MANHUNT ENDS: CRIMINAL DEAD DURING DRUG BUST." I read the article. I read it again. Then, I burned the newspaper. I made sure everything was charred, including the article about me.

MORRISON AND TICINO

Alexander von Veh, 11B

It had been a long, hard day for Don, and it was almost time to go home. What the hell, he thought, let's pack up and leave now. He went to get his coat from the closet next to his office, and the telephone rang. Damn it, he thought, but went and picked the receiver out of the cradle anyway.

"Don Morrison's detective agency," he said in a bored tone of voice. How many times had he said that already?

The voice at the other end of the line was not an unfamiliar one. "Don, Rob here," it said. "Could you come over to my office when you're finished over there?"

"Hey, Rob, sure I could do that. What's up?" He wasn't used to getting phone calls from Rob, his old university friend and former partner, at the office.

"I can't talk about it on the phone. I'm afraid. When can you be here?" Rob seemed to be quite impatient.

"Well I'm just about to leave here anyway, " Don said, "so I guess I could be there at . . ." He paused and looked at the large clock hanging from the wall near the door. "At a quarter to six," he said finally.

"O.K, great," Rob said. "See you then. Bye." He hung up the phone.

Don Morrison wasn't really a licensed detective, but that term sounded better than what he would normally be called: he was more like a spy for the underworld, the police, for anyone, in fact for anyone who could pay. He had had a partnership with Rob Ticino until about three years

before, when Rob had thought the things Don was doing were getting too illegal. They had broken up their business and gone separate ways. But they had still stayed friends, and so when one of them needed help in some way, he could always call the other.

The traffic wasn't too heavy on the highway, as he drove home in his BMW. I've heard Rob say crazy things, he said to himself, but this beats everything. So he says his life is in danger. But who are these people? He looked again at the letter Rob had given him. "Don't try to find us. You can't anyway," it read. The letter was signed "Nieves," which was the code name they had given one of their very first assignments. That was over thirteen years back now, but he could still remember even the smallest detail. There was Gorzov, the Russian cocaine dealer whom they had tracked down in Chicago, and the company name Murcia y Hijos popped into his mind. They had been the suppliers for Gorzov. That sure was a strange case, he thought, but we came out all right back then. What could be going on now?

He had just passed a truck that was driving very slowly in the right lane, as a large limousine passed him on the left, and suddenly swerved to the right, cutting off his path. One of its windows was open, and he could recognize a man with a face mask aiming a handgun at him. Instinctively, he pulled over to the left lane and pressed the accelerator to the floor. Almost simultaneously he heard a loud crack behind him and felt the car get dragged to the left. He steered hard to the right, but it was too late. He slammed into the concrete divider between the two sides of the highway, the car spun around, and then he lost consciousness.

Mikhail Ivan Gorzov stood bent over Don, staring into his lifeless face. He called out something in Russian, and a young woman came into the room with a syringe. Gorzov took it from her and injected Morrison with a pink liquid. A few seconds later, Don opened his eyes. The bright lights on the ceiling in the small room blinded him so that he wanted to cover his eyes with his hand, but he couldn't, since his hands had been tied to the bed where he was lying. He looked at Gorzov.

"So we meet again, you svoletch,"¹ Gorzov said, in a tone of voice that showed he was quite sure of himself. He had all reason to feel like this; after all, there wasn't much the American could do.

That night, they let Don watch the news on TV, and he had seen the report on his own car accident. They had gotten much better in their techniques, he thought. They--that was now Gorzov, the girls, and two other men, who had only come in briefly about two hours ago. They had placed somebody's body in the car and had then detonated a hand-grenade in it. The police who were investigating the accident were apparently fooled by this, and therefore, nobody seemed to be missing him. Nobody? That wasn't quite true. There was always Rob who would call in the morning and find him not in the office. Meanwhile, he would simply have to wait.

Gorzov had explained to him that they thought him a disturbance in their plan, and that they would have to keep him wherever they were for a while. Afterward, Gorzov had gone out of the room and had discussed

¹ svoletch = "asshole"

their project at some length. They conversed in Russian, of course, which was probably Gorzov's biggest mistake. Don Morrison, whose mother's mother had been from Russia, had learned the language from his mother, since she had always kept a tight family tradition, including all languages. This was the first time since the "Nieves" case that he had gotten to use it. Gorzov apparently hadn't found out about this fact yet, which was fine with Don. He lay on the bed, listening to the conversation going on next door. They were planning to shift the cargo from a U-Haul truck to the Aeroflot plane at the airport that night. Don had to think of something he could do to prevent this from happening.

Robert Ticino had seen the report about the accident at eleven, on the late news, and he knew instantly what was going on. The Murcia y Hijos gang had used the same techniques only three years before, someplace on the West Coast. He had checked the license plate number with the police computer link he had at home, and sure enough, it had checked out under Don's name. He called up the airport and asked about Aeroflot flights that night or on the following day. The information line had told him there was a flight to Moscow at 0715 the following morning.

At three o'clock the following morning, a U-Haul truck pulled up in front of the main gate at the airport and stopped in front of the closed barrier. A man got out and walked over to the guard's booth. There, he pulled out the passage papers, and a Uzi submachine gun, which he hid in his coat pocket. He went inside and handed the guard the papers. He looked at them, handed them back and said to the man, "Sorry, mister, you'll have to wait 'till 0530 hours; that's when things get going around here."

The man, not at all satisfied with this response, drew the gun from his coat.

"Maybe this will help," he said. "Open the gate!"

"Too late," a voice said behind him. Gorzov whirled around, directly into the arms of a military policeman, who quickly disarmed him and handcuffed him. Gorzov looked outside and saw the truck, now surrounded by police, who were frisking the passengers.

"Shit," Gorzov whispered under his breath. That was one thing he had learned while he was in the States.

At ten o'clock that morning, Morrison and Ticino were back in business.

LOVE SHOCK

David Winn, 11B

Chris' thumbs tapped the wheel of his father's brand new Jaguar as he waited for the light to change. His mind was a mass of thoughts, and his heart rate was inconsistent. His nervousness was showing in his

inability to keep time with a song. The honk from behind woke him from his daze. He put his foot on the pedal that controlled the elegant machine. Chris was not concerned with how he looked at the moment; he was trying to formulate an equation that would explain why she had to see him right away. What could be so important?

Chris a senior student at Oakdale High, had met Annabel by good fortune. In fact, had it not been for his quick reflexes and the brakes on his car, Chris would have hit the girl with whom he was now going steady. Although he had been pissed off by the fact that she had crossed the street on a red light, he had been unable to help noticing how good looking she was. He had offered her a lift home and, to his surprise, she had said yes. It had not been the last time he was to drive her home.

Within a week they had gone out four times. They both really enjoyed the other's company. Chris wasn't the type to go out with a girl in order to be able to say that he was going out with a girl. He wanted to go out with Annabel and she with him. They understood each other well and knew when they wanted to be together and when they wanted to be alone. This time, though, Annabel had a tone of uncertainty and apprehension, and Chris was confused and worried.

He pulled up to the front door and walked quickly to the door. Annabel was there to greet him. Chris went to give her a peck on her cheek, which had become a custom, but she pushed him away.

"Hey, what's the problem?" Chris asked, now even more confused.

"We have to talk; it's very important."

Chris' confusion and worry had now become curiosity.

Within half an hour, Chris was back in the Jaguar, speeding down the highway. His fist pounded the dashboard as he swore at the top of his lungs. He switched the windshield wipers on as the rain started pelting the car. His eyes filled with tears as he lost control of his emotions. He cleared his eyes only in time to find the road barrier almost upon his windshield. Blackout.

Chris woke up in a hospital bed, tubes going every which way. One was in his arm, one in his stomach, and one up his nose. No one was in the room; he wondered how he had got there. He knew why: he had been in an accident. But why had he had the accident?

"Oh God, Annabel." The thought sent a shiver down his spine.

"My spine," he thought. "At least I'm not paralyzed." He lay there unable to move or do much. He noticed a T.V. in the corner of the room. It wasn't on, but he could feel, at his fingers, a button which he presumed to be a paging device. The nurse arrived promptly, and no sooner had she arrived than she put a mask over Chris' face.

They walked up to her room, Chris' curiosity running wild.

"Chris, I think we know each other well enough for me to be able to say what I want to say." Chris nodded his agreement. "I feel very close to you and care for you very much. I know you feel the same way about me, but I've been thinking that we should try something new to make our love mean something more."

"Chris was still confused, "I don't understand."

"What I really mean is that I'm getting bored of going to movies and kissing and hugging."

Chris was in shock. "Well, what else is there?" Chris asked unknowingly.

"I was thinking of a more sexual and physical relationship."

That was all Chris needed to hear. He didn't say a word; he just got up and left.

He woke up to find Annabel leaning on his bed and looking right at him.

"I'm sorry," was all she said. She kissed him on the lips and left. Chris smiled.

Le rejet

Il était tard. Ses copains étant partis, Jean était seul dans sa chambre au-dessus du salon. Il avait l'habitude de dormir dans cette petite chambre tout à fait en haut de l'établissement. Il y passait toutes les nuits quand il avait trop bu, parce qu'il voulait éviter la colère de sa femme. Le patron la lui avait accordée, puisqu'il amenait toujours beaucoup d'amis avec lui avant de s'enivrer. D'autre part, le patron du bar était un de ses meilleurs amis.

La vie était fantastique. Jean ne travaillait que trois jours par semaine et il avait un salaire extraordinaire. Il avait pu faire ce qu'il voulait, quand il voulait. De plus, Jean était en très bonne forme. En réfléchissant sur sa vie et sa bonne fortune, Jean s'est endormi.

Le matin, Jean s'est levé en bonne forme et de bonne humeur. C'était son habitude de faire la grasse matinée tous les lundis quand il jouait au ballon-panier. En chantant, il a pris une douche et s'est habillé lentement. Jean s'est regardé dans le miroir.

Ce n'était pas croyable. Jean s'est touché la face mais ce n'était pas un mirage. Sa face avait disparu, sauf les yeux. Pas de bouche, pas de nez, pas de barbe. Rien sauf les deux yeux. Jean avait voulu crier, mais il n'avait pas pu.

Jean est sorti de sa chambre en courant. Il a entendu Pierre, le gérant du bar, et Paul, un employé, se chicanant. Eux, qui connaissaient Jean depuis longtemps, ils pourraient comprendre. Jean est entré brusquement dans le salon, en renversant des chaises et des tables. Paul l'a vu, a crié, et a commencé à reculer vers les toilettes. Jean ne comprenait pas. Il n'avait pas l'intention de lui faire mal: il avait seulement besoin d'un peu d'aide. Jean a commencé à avancer vers le jeune employé en lui tendant les mains, en marchant d'un pas un peu plus rapide que celui de Paul.

«Le fusil, Pierre, tire! vite!» a crié Paul.

Jean s'est tourné et Pierre, qui était son meilleur ami depuis cinq ans le regardait avec une face enragée. Il avait pris le petit revolver qu'on conservait en cas de cambriolage. Jean est sorti en courant, avant que Pierre puisse viser. Le gérant a tiré deux fois mais les balles l'ont manqué.

Frustré, en colère et souffrant moralement, Jean s'est dirigé vers le coeur de la ville, où sa femme, Stéphanie, travaillait. Pierre et Paul étaient ses amis depuis longtemps. Il n'y avait que quelques minutes, la vie semblait être plus ou moins parfaite. Maintenant, c'était pire que l'enfer. Ses meilleurs amis l'avaient rejeté quand il avait besoin d'aide. Stéphanie, elle, allait tout comprendre. Les piétons que Jean rencontrait en courant avaient l'air étonné et révolté. Jean s'est rendu au bureau de Stéphanie. Elle travaillait au huitième étage de l'établissement. Jean est entré dans l'ascenseur qu'il aimait beaucoup avant aujourd'hui. Il était entouré de miroirs et Jean pouvait voir sa face dégoûtante et répugnante sous tous les angles. Il a levé sa main lentement et a touché sa peau. Elle était raboteuse. Dégoûté, Jean a vite baissé la main. Monter les huit étages, ce qui aurait dû prendre une minute a semblé prendre une heure. Finalement, l'ascenseur a ralenti et la porte s'est ouverte. Jean est sorti en courant et a suivi le couloir étroit et long jusqu'au bureau de Stéphanie. Elle était assise, en écrivant un document officiel. Elle ne l'avait pas encore aperçu. Jean a essuyé la sueur de son cou et s'est présenté brusquement.

Stéphanie s'est levé la tête. Elle avait l'air très étonné, mais aussi enragé. «Jean?» a-t-elle dit d'une voix qui doute. Jean voulait dire ce qui s'était passé, qu'il n'avait pas compris la transformation mais il ne pouvait pas s'exprimer. Stéphanie était restée immobile pendant un bon bout de temps. Elle ne savait pas quoi dire. Sa voix douce, que Jean attendait depuis son arrivée, ne sortait pas.

Leurs yeux n'avaient pas bougé. L'expression de Stéphanie était la même qu'auparavant: une combinaison de colère et d'étonnement. La scène a continué ainsi

pendant quelques minutes. On aurait crû que ceux avec qui Stéphanie travaillait étaient complètement ignorants. Ils n'étaient même pas au courant de la scène devant eux.

Stéphanie a baissé la tête et s'est mise à pleurer. Jean, pour sa part, voulait tout expliquer, mais il ne pouvait pas. Il se sentait mal à l'aise et sa tête était lourde. Il ressentait une douleur physique étrange, qu'il n'avait jamais sentie. Jean a essayé de mettre sa main sur celle de sa femme mais elle l'a retirée. Elle a repris la position qu'elle avait dès que Jean était entré. Son visage avait repris le sentiment de pitié et de douleur. Jean a avancé vers sa femme en faisant des gestes romantiques. Stéphanie a rejeté ses avances et l'a repoussé.

«C'est fini, Jean. Je ne pourrai pas continuer ainsi. C'est fini. C'est fini.» Sa voix n'était ni chaude ni haute, ni basse, ni effrayée, ni fâchée, mais tout le monde dans la salle l'a entendue. Tous les yeux étaient fixés sur Jean. Ils étaient comme des épines qui avaient pénétré son corps. Jean était enragé et stupéfait. Jean ne comprenait pas sa femme. Que voulait-elle dire par «c'est fini»? Il avait tellement besoin d'aide mais personne ne lui en donnait. Les mots que Stéphanie disait étaient si pénétrants que Jean en avait mal au coeur. Jean s'est tourné lentement et s'est dirigé vers la porte. N'y avait-il aucune place où Jean pouvait aller sans être vu comme un animal répugnant?

Rejeté de sa femme et de ses amis, il n'y avait qu'une place où Jean pouvait s'enfuir: les membres de sa famille. Ils n'habitaient pas loin de la ville. En sortant de l'édifice, Jean a jeté un coup d'oeil vers le huitième étage. Ensuite, le jeune homme s'est tourné et s'est mis à

courir dans la direction de la maison de ses parents. Jean a fait le voyage en une heure.

Sa maison était en face de lui. Pendant l'après-midi, tout le monde serait là. Maman était dans la cuisine. Elle murmurait quelque chose que Jean avait vite distingué. C'était une recette de biscuits au chocolat.

«Un quart de tasse de lait...»

Jean a attendu dans l'entrée de la cuisine. Sa mère ne l'avait pas encore vu.

«Quelques gouttes de jus de citron...»

Jean ne savait pas ce que serait la réaction de sa mère.

«Je mets le tout au four à 450 degrés...»

Serait-elle comme ses amis et sa femme?

«Voilà, c'est fini!» a dit maman. Elle s'est tournée en une joyeuse danse. La joie a été transformée en peur et en inquiétude. Elle a poussé un cri. Le son des pas indiquait que son frère, Georges, et son père venaient voir ce qui se passait.

Son père et son frère sont arrivés au même moment. Georges s'est mis à rire. Mais celui-ci n'était qu'un enfant de six ans. Il ne comprenait rien. Son père, un drôle de type, n'avait rien dit. Il avait seulement froncé le sourcil.

Les parents de Jean ont commencé à lui poser des questions. Il n'avait pas de réponse. Ils les lui posaient l'un après l'autre mais Jean ne pouvait même pas s'exprimer.

«Qu'est-ce que tu t'es fait? Où es-tu allé?»

Jean a fermé les yeux. Dans l'intervalle, Georges avait fini de rire. Il a commencé à comprendre la situation. Le silence est revenu.

Maman et papa sont allés dans un coin pour discuter de la situation. Georges a pris la main de Jean et a amené celui-ci dans sa chambre. Le jeune enfant en est sorti en courant. Pour la première fois, Jean était seul. Il a fermé la porte derrière lui. Il s'est reposé sur son lit.

Jean s'est réveillé quelques heures plus tard. Il crevait de faim! Il n'avait rien mangé depuis une journée. Derrière la porte, ses parents s'engageaient dans une discussion. Jean ne pouvait distinguer que quelques bouts de conversation, quand son père a élevé la voix:

«...mais sa face est dégueulasse...Comment se nourrit-il?»

Jean est sorti de sa chambre. Maman, en le voyant, a commencé à chuchoter à son mari: «Il est là, tais-toi!» Georges le regardait de façon très étrange, comme s'il ne l'avait jamais vu. En effet, il le voyait dans sa condition présente pour la première fois. Le petit Georges a avancé vers le ouveau personnage et a touché sa face très doucement. Georges est sorti de la salle en pleurant. Il n'avait rien compris. Mais Jean, pour sa part, ne comprenait pas lui-même.

Les parents de Jean sont entrés dans la salle à manger. Une fois assis, les trois se sont regardés, mal à l'aise. Maman et papa avaient l'air très grave. «Nous sommes venus ici» a dit papa «pour te parler de ta...comment puis-je le dire?...transformation.»

Maman a continué «Dans cette affaire, nous ne comprenons rien du tout. Nous n'avons jamais entendu parler d'une telle affaire et nous ne comprenons pas pourquoi nous avons été choisis pour cette forme de punition. Cette famille respecte toutes les lois civiles, morales et religieuses. Il me semble que nous n'avons jamais fait de mal à personne.

Revenons à ta transformation: nous ne comprenons pas pourquoi nous sommes soumis à cette forme de torture psychologique.» Maman et papa semblaient avoir oublié la présence de Jean. Ils se parlaient toujours, sans même regarder dans sa direction. Ils avaient l'air de ne pas savoir que Jean était dans la pièce.

Son père avait repris la conversation. «Nous sommes arrivés à une conclusion. Si ce changement de forme n'est pas un acte de Dieu (on espère que ce n'est pas le cas), la punition doit être venue de...de l'autre endroit, en bas. Nous croyons que cet être qui a remplacé Jean (notez que j'emploie le mot remplacé) n'est pas du tout l'enfant qu'on connaissait. D'autre part, la conclusion que...»

Jean l'avait interrompu en se levant brusquement. Que voulait-il dire? Quelle logique farfelue! Jean s'est mis la tête entre les mains et s'est mis à pleurer. Il s'est assis à son pupitre, où l'ombre le cachait. Ses parents étaient sortis. Il était tard. Jean a pris son stylo et son journal personnel.

Le matin, maman s'est levée tôt comme d'habitude. Elle est entrée dans la chambre de Jean. Il n'était pas là. À sa place, Jean avait écrit une note, sous forme de journal:

«Au monde normal,

Il y a deux jours, ma vie était parfait. J'étais un homme heureux, sans problèmes. Mais j'ai subi une transformation et j'ai changé. Je suis devenu ce qu'on appelle 'inhumain'. J'ai été rejeté par mes amis, ma femme et ensuite, ma famille. En fait, la société m'a rejeté à cause du fait que je n'étais pas 'normal'. Vous n'avez pas voulu savoir comment ou pourquoi je m'étais fait cela. Alors je suis passé de l'état humain à la condition animale en une journée. Je ne comprends pas grand chose dans cette affaire; mais j'ai réussi à comprendre un point: ce n'est pas moi qui suis malade dans cette affaire, c'est vous! Je n'aurais jamais prévu que les quelques amis qui m'ont aimé feraient ce qu'ils ont fait, me rejeter. Qui dit 'C'est dans le malheur qu'on reconnaît ses amis'? Je me demande si, dans votre société, vous pourriez comprendre cela. Je me demandais si vous compreniez le mot amour. Ma conclusion est que vous ne pourriez jamais le comprendre. Il faut se méfier de tout le monde, même de sa propre famille. Comment pouvez-vous vous appeler civilisés, quand vous ne pouvez même pas accepter quelqu'un qui possède une forme physique différente de la vôtre.

Je vais finir ma lettre en vous disant que je ne voudrai jamais plus vous voir. J'espère que je pourrai trouver quelque part des personnes que je considère normales et humaines, comme moi, qui accepteront les individus qui sont différents.

Adieu, à votre monde anormal et répugnant...»

La mère de Jean se sentait malade. Elle s'est regardée dans le miroir et a vu la laideur. C'était vrai, en fait. Elle vivait dans un monde malade. De plus, Jean était plus humain que son père, ses amis ou sa femme. Elle s'est rendu compte que c'était elle qui était répugnante et dégueulasse. Jean était parti d'un monde de malades et elle souhaitait qu'il puisse trouver un monde civilisé, normal...

Eugene Dimitriou, 11B

THE PARABLE OF THE CITY

Carlton Evans, 11A

Looking past a thundering underground river
Heads rising and falling with the current
The electric flowers flashing on and out
The grotesque blasphemies of habitation
Piled on top of each other like
Cans of beans in the great temple of the market
The river keeps flowing oblivious
To the reasons for its own being
Looking inside I
Vision the grey hardened walls
Of the apartment
The minute speck of eye that sees over all this
Waste
The stone heart of the City
That pulses
Lights and faces
The callous wind that dulls its breath

I recall the parable of my travels
(Of the three rogues strangely anonymous
In this land)

First the beggar who played
his instrument and sang his
tale asked of me my fortune
Second was the hustler who rolled his dice
rapped his speech
words falling like poison darts on my
Consciousness, wanting to blind me of my fortune
The third was the most important for it would be he
Who would steal our crowns
With his glimmering spear his heavy words
Emptied my pocket and I
Walked away
Destroyed
Shivering
Fallen
to the ground I had realized
What had happened I swore
to Fight

My friend I know you
Now for the first time in my dog-earred life
I've made good
Of the bad I've fought
I've sworn
To understand I realize now
How young I was
And how young I still am.
How can anything matter now for
The rogues have taught me well
Innocence is lost
I have shattered my shell.

THE MONUMENT

David Moroz, 11A

A mass of bronze and gold
An ornate thing of beauty
stands as a monument to a king's greatness.
The tales of years of heroic battles
waged and won in the name of honour
A palace steeped in great blocks of stone
that will erode into sand
that will fall back to the sea
But what of this monument
If it be lost--buried by earth and sand and ash?
Who will remember what once was?

Each day the sun rises and sets
Its place
over each of mankind's monuments to life
Yet this glowing orange light needs no remembrance
It is a monument to itself.

You search for gold and honour
with which you build your monument
But what of this beautiful monument
When it is lost--buried by earth and sand and ash?
For unlike the sun your monument is not constant
What have you then to mark your place,
the land upon which you once trod?

THE SONG OF THE STORM

David Avrum Jacobs, 11A

The grotto breathes warmly on my chilled body,
hiding me from the savage tempest that dances
with fury beyond the shelter. A cool drop of water
trickles languidly down the pink lip of the cave.
A chilled wind blows from the green plains that
convulse under the clenched fist of the rain.
The droplets are confused in a pattern of infinite
complexity. I try to straighten their path with my eyes,
hoping that they will hold the answer that I
have lost with the departure of youth and the
onslaught of awareness.

As a child I would dance on a wave of pleasure
and discovery. At days end I could return to my grotto
where I would tire, eat, cry and sleep,
without apprehension of the coming day. The time
passed lazily under the aegis of softhearted innocence.

Then the music began to fade, and the sheltered solace of my sleep became haunted by a sense of responsibility. I became mindful of the need to work, to think, to prepare for the future burden of independence. It was all so foreign, and I had become suddenly so conscious and afraid I ran from my shelter into the torrential rains. The lightness of youth left my legs, and the water crushed me to my knees. The world began to grow around me, fierce and disproportionate. My fear had driven me from my peace of mind and into an unnecessarily savage world. I longed to regain the equable existence of childhood.

Oh child, where have I lost myself?
There is no answer from the mute, smiling boy engrossed in games without method in the autumn fields of my mind. I think deeply, and the confusion grows.
I stop the torment and walk in from the storm.
I look out on the world, not in a panic, but in warmth, doing what I feel is right and what I enjoy. I cleanse my mind of the fear and guilt that once tore at my senses. I look out of my eyes with good will and good humour, but always through the spectacles of sanity--Something suppressed surges inside, sending me soaring in an explosion of passion: a sense of complete balance and satisfaction in myself. I realize that this is who I am.
I have found myself not by tracing the space in my mind where I might have become lost, but by living the way that I function best in Life.

I am safe now in my understanding, and I dive out dancing into the exhilarating storm. I feel nothing but warmth in the melodic hum of the rain.

Then the wind shifts, knocking me out of step with the song of the storm. My mind is blinded by the flood waters around me. I am lost and scared, but in the distance I see the sturdy grotto waiting to save me from the chaos in my mind.

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